SHOULD WE
▸GO EASY?
▸GET TOUGH?
WITH THE U.S.A.
Morley Callaghan
vs.
Farley Mowat

COVER BY REX WOODS
Barrington Street tattoo parlor

HOW A HOUSEWIFE WENT BACK TO SCHOOL AT FORTY-TWO

MACLEAN'S

JUNE 7 1958 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

Halifax's Barrington Street by Thomas H. Raddall

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MACLEAN'S

PREVIEW

A LOOK AT TOMORROW IN TERMS OF TODAY

- ✓ New spy thrills in Leopold's unfinished story?
- ✓ Whitton's plans a bonnet in 3 political rings

LOOK FOR A TOUGHENING ATTITUDE toward Canada's 425,000 teen-age drivers by governments, police and insurance companies. Recent figures show they're twice as accident prone as older drivers and their accidents cost 20% more in lives, injuries and property damage. Many provinces are studying a system recently adopted in Quebec: all teen-agers remain on probation as drivers until they're 21. Good drivers drive, bad drivers don't.

Before Jasper

After Jasper

MACLEAN'S JASPER is going to work in some of our national parks this summer — on posters warning you not to feed the bears. National Parks junked the previous poster. In it, the drawing they were too forbidding. It[illegible] might scare tourists away not only from the bears but from the parks. The parks people asked Maclean's and artist James Simpkins for permission to draft Jasper, who's been treating humans with a firm hand for years on these pages. We agreed and Simpkins produced the poster (right) which is now to become standard equipment.

CLOAK-AND-DAGGER FANS may get a further "inside" on RCMP agent John Leopold's already famous inside story on Soviet spy operations in North America. Unknown to anyone, Leopold, who died a few weeks ago, had been writing his own story of his adventures as an undercover agent. The uncompleted manuscript turned up in a search of his desk. It won't be released until his estate is probated.

TOM PATTERSON'S SAFARI to the West Indies to arrange a music and drama festival for Princess Margaret's recent visit is going to result in a new calypso influence at the Stratford Shakespearean festival, Patterson's baptismal project. The West Indies show was such a hit it will be held every two years on different islands. "We hope for a long term cultural exchange," says Patterson, "by sponsoring West Indian features at Stratford and sending the Stratford company there on tour."

HAVING UNVEILED HER HOCKEY PLAYERS in Canada, Russia will next be asked to let us see some of her most closely guarded art. National Gallery director Alan Jarvis, who will lead Canadian painters and sculptors on a tour of Russian galleries next fall, will also ask the Soviet to permit a showing of Leningrad's Hermitage masterpieces in Canada. Including several Rembrandts, they've never been shown outside Russia. Meanwhile, a group of Russian friends here is planning to send Canadian reproductions (A. Y. Jackson, B. C. Binning, Tom Thomson) to Stalingrad.

Whitton

FAR FROM BEING DISILLUSIONED with politics after her defeat in the federal election, Charlotte Whitton's planning to toss her bonnet into all three rings—federal, provincial and municipal—if necessary to get back in government. Next fall she tells friends she'll either go back in Ottawa's mayoralty contest or try for the provincial seat held by 80-year-old George Dunbar, if there is an election. In the meantime, "I'll do more for Ottawa West outside parliament than George McIlraith (who beat her) will do in it," she says.

EVERY CANADIAN CITY fighting for a larger share of provincial tax revenues will watch with hope and envy an impending move by Saint John to challenge New Brunswick's sole right to liquor tax revenues. The city's case is based on a 1785 charter by Governor Thomas Carleton, conferring on it the power to license taverns for liquor sale. Did the province's 1927 decree, establishing a Liquor Control Board, abrogate this right? Saint John's mayor W. W. Macaulay says no and wants to fight for the $1 million a year the province gets from liquor tax in the city.

NEW-STYLE TV

YOU'LL SEE SAME SHOWS AT SAME TIME FROM COAST TO COAST WITH VIDEOTAPE

NEXT BIG THING in Canadian TV will be videotape, an electronic [illegible] [illegible] the problem of [illegible] time zones. On [illegible] the [illegible] CBC [illegible] network it will [illegible] [illegible] tape [illegible] Both picture and sound will [illegible] the same tape [illegible] of the processing [illegible] CBC will be able [illegible] [illegible]

What is it? [illegible]

[illegible]

What will it achieve? [illegible]

Will it replace present TV? [illegible]

HOLIDAY SPENDING SPREE

$700-million summer?

WITH THEIR [illegible] spending [illegible] Americans [illegible] expected to [illegible] this summer [illegible] $700 million, up 2% [illegible]

Folklore. Tourist enquiries [illegible] [illegible] a day. [illegible]

Top attractions. [illegible] 300th anniversary of the shrine at Ste. Anne de Beaupré, Quebec [illegible] million visitors expected; the cross-country trip of Princess Margaret (B.C., July 17-26; Prince Edward Island [illegible]

[illegible] Aug. [illegible]

Costs. [illegible]

Canadians [illegible]

Air. [illegible] $351.

Rail. [illegible] $186 [illegible] B.C. $215 by coach.

[illegible]

—CAROL LINDSAY

FOOTBALL FORECAST

Bigger parks, big budgets

ALTHOUGH CANADA'S pro football clubs have been warned by almost everyone, including their own executives, that $600,000-a-year budgets can only lead to ruin, this figure is almost sure to go higher next season—and higher after that. The reason is that Canadians' attraction to football is apparently limited chiefly by the size of stadiums and the quality of competition. Give them good close games in bigger parks and they'll meet increasingly higher costs.

The above is not a sports writer day dreaming. It's the gist of the first formal business management report on the status and future of Canada's pro football. Tired of the traditionally loose approach to football economics ("Give us a winner, we'll pack the park"), businessman-turned-footballer Jake Gaudaur — who is president of the Grey Cup champion Hamilton Tiger-Cats, persuaded his city to shell out $5,000 for an impartial business report on whether we're really headed for ruin. Answers (by the management firm of J. D. Woods and Gordon Ltd.):

- ✓ There's a steady underlying growth of public interest in pro football. No city has recorded a downward trend in attendance. (A 32,000-seat stadium is suggested for Hamilton, present capacity 19,000.)
- ✓ Major cities with a contending team can expect to fill 80% of the seats in their parks—and most could stand bigger parks. Average game attendance should increase 10,000 by 1965, except perhaps in Regina, where saturation has almost been reached, and Calgary, where past attendance may not justify a bigger stadium.
- ✓ Tip to Toronto and Calgary: get a better team. — TRENT FRAYNE

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

WITH BLAIR FRASER

How will Supreme Court weigh Duplessis' power?

EARLY IN JUNE a case will come before the Supreme Court of Canada that poses some interesting questions for debate on the prime minister's favorite project, a Bill of Rights. What protection already exists for the citizen against the agents of the state? What recourse has he if an agent of the state does him damage by exceeding lawful powers? How much more protection can be guaranteed by a federal statute without encroaching on provincial authority?

The case is that of Frank Roncarelli, who twelve years ago was a rich Montreal restaurateur and who now is an obscure salaried employee of the St. Lawrence Seaway Authority. Roncarelli is a member of the religious sect known as Witnesses of Jehovah. When hundreds of Witnesses were being arrested in Montreal between 1944 and November 1946 on charges which the Supreme Court later found to be invalid, Frank Roncarelli went bail for 393 of them, putting up a total surety of about $83,000. For this reason the Quebec Liquor Commission, on orders from Premier Maurice Duplessis, canceled the liquor license that Roncarelli had held for many years, like his father before him, and effectively put Roncarelli out of business.

Roncarelli sued for damages. He tried to sue Edouard Archambault, chairman of the Quebec Liquor Commission, but the Quebec Alcoholic Liquor Act says the QLC chairman cannot be sued without the permission of the Chief Justice of Quebec. The Chief Justice refused to give permission. Then Roncarelli tried to sue the Quebec Liquor Commission, but the QLC cannot be sued without permission of the attorney general. The attorney general of Quebec is Premier Duplessis, who announced at a press conference that he was refusing permission.

So Roncarelli sued Duplessis himself and, to everyone's astonishment, he won. True, he asked $118,000 and the court awarded him only $8,000. True, by the time he got judgment nearly five years had gone by; his business was ruined and he himself was looking in vain for work. But on the question of principle he won. The court ruled that he had been damaged, that it was Premier Duplessis' fault and that Duplessis must pay.

Both parties appealed. Duplessis appealed the judgment itself; Roncarelli the amount of damages — $8,000 wouldn't even pay the interest on what he had lost. This time Duplessis won. With one judge dissenting, the Court of Appeal threw out the judgment in Roncarelli's favor. It is this decision that is now to be reviewed by the Supreme Court of Canada. Even its ruling will not necessarily be final, since this case began before December 1949 and can therefore be taken to the Privy Council in London by either party.

The record of the case includes some interesting reading. In particular it gives an illuminating glimpse of Premier Duplessis' own concept of his personal authority.

By the mere letter of the law he wouldn't have been involved in the case at all. Power to issue liquor permits lies with the Quebec Liquor Commission, which "may cancel any permit at its discretion." Duplessis could have argued, if he had so chosen, that Chairman Archambault acted upon his own authority against Roncarelli, and that if anyone were liable for damages it was he.

Duplessis said nothing of the kind. "I have ordered the Quebec Liquor Commission to cancel his permit," said the premier, because "the sympathy which this man has shown for the Witnesses of Jehovah in such an evident, repeated and audacious manner is a provocation of justice."

At this time the Witnesses of Jehovah had not been convicted finally of any offense. Hundreds had been charged, but appeals in the test cases were pending; when they finally got to the Supreme Court the charges were thrown out. Nevertheless, Duplessis argued that "the plaintiff's conduct constituted a defiance of public order and authority," since he persisted in putting up bail for the accused Witnesses. Roncarelli had done this in spite of the fact that he, Duplessis, had "pointed out to the public the dangers of being accomplices in the [Witness] movement." That was why he had "ordered" the Roncarelli permit canceled "not temporarily but definitely and for always." It was also made known through the press that no one who bought Roncarelli's restaurant from him could hope for a license, either.

"The defendant [Duplessis] strenuously contends," said the trial judge, "that as he acted in his quality of prime minister and attorney general and minister of the Crown in good faith and in the interest of the public, his acts cannot be questioned." The judge did not agree with this view.

Neither did the Court of Appeal, even though it found in his favor. Its ground for overruling the trial judge was that Duplessis' responsibility for cancellation of the license was not clearly proven. One judge remarked that the premier's approval of the QLC chairman's act was not an order in the usual sense (even though Duplessis himself said quite flatly that it was).

But in practice it appears that any word from Premier Duplessis has the effect of an order among the officials whom he appoints. As the trial judge grimly remarked, anyone who ignored the premier's expressed will might find his appointment "abruptly terminated." Or in Premier Duplessis' own words to the court, "When the superior officer speaks, it is an order."

One question, therefore, that the Supreme Court will have to decide is who's in charge here. Another is whether this person can be held responsible for damage inflicted on a citizen, in this case the loss of a livelihood and a considerable fortune. (Roncarelli sold his business at a tremendous loss, found himself unable to get suitable work for years, even tried doing business under an assumed name for a while but still found himself in trouble whenever he was recognized.) Is the state's agent accountable for such damage, or is he so far above the law that "his acts cannot be questioned"? Did he in fact exceed his proper authority when he punished Frank Roncarelli for giving legal aid to the accused Witnesses of Jehovah?

Behind that question lies another, the most important of all: What guarantees exist in this country for the freedom of worship and of speech?

The Witnesses whom Roncarelli bailed out were arrested for distributing pamphlets, holding meetings, preaching sermons and so on. One of the pamphlets was entitled "Quebec's Burning Hate," and it contains some very intemperate language directed against the Roman Catholic Church and other institutions. No doubt the sermons contained similar language.

Some Witnesses were accused of sedition, but the Supreme Court ruled eventually that the pamphlet they distributed was not seditious. Some were arrested for violating a municipal bylaw by distributing circulars without a license; the Supreme Court ruled that this bylaw was itself illegal.

Frank Roncarelli was penalized, then, for no other crime than putting up bail for people whom, in the end, the Supreme Court found innocent of any offense. On the face of it you'd think Roncarelli would have an excellent chance of winning his case before the same high court.

However, both the Jehovah's Witness judgments were split decisions, five judges to four. One of the five judges who upheld the Witnesses in the previous cases was Mr. Justice Roy Kellock, now retired. Mr. Justice Ronald Martland, who was appointed last January, has yet to reveal his views in cases of this kind.

Also there are differences of opinion among authorities of equal eminence about the constitutional safeguards of liberty in Canada. Some judges in previous cases have held that the provincial authority over "property and civil rights," stipulated by the British North America Act, includes civil liberties. By that interpretation these liberties are at the mercy of provincial governments and presumably would remain so no matter what the new federal Bill of Rights may say.

The opposite view, which up to now has prevailed in several important judgments, is that the fundamental liberties of the subject are guaranteed by the British North America Act and cannot be abrogated by a provincial government. This is the "Duff Doctrine," elaborated by Chief Justice Sir Lyman Duff when the Supreme Court quashed the Alberta Press Act some twenty years ago. Last year Mr. Justice D. C. Abbott carried the Duff Doctrine a step further in his reasons for judgment against the Quebec Padlock Law — he said these liberties could not be suppressed by any Canadian legislature, federal or provincial, but only by actual amendment of the British North America Act in the British parliament.

It is not certain, of course, that the Supreme Court will regard the Roncarelli case as a straight freedom of worship issue. It is complicated, as the previous cases were not, by questions only half relevant to civil liberty. How much "discretion" can the Quebec Liquor Commission lawfully exercise? How much of that authority, if any, can be delegated to Premier Duplessis? But with all these qualifications, the Roncarelli trial is still the most important civil liberty case since the Padlock Law was thrown out two years ago. ★

YOU BOYS GET IN THERE AND HELP THE HERO —HE'S THE GUY WITH THE CLUB!
MAURICE DUPLESSIS DIRECTOR
GRASSICK

"What protection exists for the citizen against the agents of the state?"

BACKSTAGE IN ENTERTAINMENT

Foreign films saving the day for small movie houses

A YEARLY INFLUX of almost 100,000 non-English-speaking people into Canada is putting new life into two of TV's most gaunt and harried victims: neighborhood movies and local radio. Mainly in the golden horseshoe of southern Ontario the new arrivals have created a brand new market for foreign films in nine languages and radio programs in more than twenty. Examples:

Three Toronto theatres impoverished by TV competition — the Studio, Paradise and Royal George — have been reopened by two brothers, Bob and Lionel Lester, and converted strictly to Italian films. They're doing a land-office business. Another smaller house that folded now shows German, Hungarian and Ukrainian movies to packed audiences.

Half a dozen major booking agents now distribute about 200 a year to thirty non-English theatres from Vancouver to Montreal. The large majority are strictly for foreign audiences — from French and Greek to Swedish and Japanese — and have no dubbed-in English sound or subtitles. Their gross is now in the millions.

The most acceptable fare in most languages, according to Herold Bell, chief booker of International Film Co., is "sex and religion." This may help explain why Italian films are by far the most popular, followed by French, with Russian a bad last, and why Italian stars outshine others. Top favorite is not Gina Lollobrigida but Sophia Loren. The male box-office hero is Amedeo Nazzari, the Italian Errol Flynn.

Such preoccupation with sex keeps Italian and French films fairly constantly in hot water with censors. "There's a lot of cleavage and over-exposure," says Ontario censor O. J. Silverthorne, in the politest terms, "but we lean over a little for foreign audiences," admitting he lets Sophia lean a little too. Russian films are more vigorously vetted for propaganda; bookers seldom even try to get them past Quebec censors. Hottest trade gossip concerns a coming switch by Russia from political propaganda to sex propaganda.

Foreign-language radio hasn't yet matched the films, but it could catch up in a hurry. Canada's private radio stations devote 150 hours a week to shows and comment in 25 languages (110 of it in Ontario and Quebec). Leading "foreign station": Foster Hewitt's Toronto CKFH, with 24 hours a week in Italian, Greek, German, Macedonian, Hungarian, Polish, Latvian and Japanese, all sponsored by smaller local merchants.

In Italy the accent is on sex

Backstage IN MEDICINE

What's behind cancer? Canada turns up some new theories

ALTHOUGH THE last narrowing search for a miracle drug and protective vaccine is raising the most dramatic question marks in the struggle to beat cancer, other beguiling questions are popping up in Canadian research. Here are some of the latest:

✔ Does modern civilization itself cause cancer? The federal department of Health and Welfare has been shocked to learn that Eskimos, believed to be immune, are not. Eight in Canada's far north have been discovered suffering from cancer; some had been working on DEWline. Says Dr. Alex Phillips of the Canadian Cancer Society: The cause may lie in their changed life and diet. Another possibility: nuclear tests fallout.

✔ Does where you live and what you eat determine whether you get cancer? After lengthy research, Dr. Harry Warren of University of B.C.'s department of geology and geography says: "We're coming to the conclusion good health depends on a balance of chemical elements in the earth's crust. Too many or too little of certain elements cause disease. With more research we may be able to supply useful information to those seeking a cancer cure."

✔ How much does a patient's state of mind count in treating cancer? In a new $600,000 hostel built by the Ontario Cancer Society in Toronto, a different twist is being applied in treatment. The theory is that starchy antiseptic hospital rooms have a demoralizing effect on patients who don't have to be in bed. The hostel's wards are colorfully decorated, flowers arrive daily, paintings are changed each week. Hairdressers primp the women; there are movies, picnics, concerts and bingo. At the parties are people who have recovered from cancer. "Just talking to them boosts patients' morale," says a volunteer worker.

Warren: secret in soil?

Backstage AT BRUSSELS

How our high-cost meals lose us friends at Fair

Don't [illegible] the soup?

WHILE AMERICANS and Russians vie for preeminence — and sightseers — at the Brussels international exhibition Canada has easily established firsts in one department. In L'Alouette Canadienne, our restaurant in the big square steel-framed Canadian pavilion, we have put on some of the most-expensive, least Canadian and most-criticized meals in the whole fair grounds.

Mounties on duty in the pavilion became so irritated at food and service they threatened to dine in full uniform in the nearby Czech restaurant.

The 48 Canadian college boys and girls acting as guides *did* eat with the Czechs before our official opening, although their meals are free in L'Alouette.

One American asked a Mountie to "arrest that man up there. He just charged me 80c for a cheese sandwich." (Meals were $5.20 without wine or coffee.)

"That man" is Felix Georges Deneyer, a small, suave, wavy-haired Belgian who got the contract to run the restaurant after the government failed to interest Canadian caterers, including CNR and CPR. In Ottawa Deneyer impressed Trade and Commerce officials with eulogistic references to *our* native dishes and *his* Continental ways around a table. Here are some of the statements he made last October, with Alan Phillips' current report on them from Brussels:

DENEYER: "In Canada you find only steak and chicken, steak and chicken. In Brussels the accent will be on Canadian dishes — more than two dozen."

PHILLIPS: "I spent about a week at the fair. There may be Canadian dishes, but all I saw was boiled potatoes—not from P.E.I. Sample menu: tapioca consommé, St. Lawrence salmon, grilled rump steak and French fries, boulettes Bruxelloises, potatoes dauphin, maple syrup pie."

DENEYER: "Meals will be served with a special air. I will bring to L'Alouette a great dash."

PHILLIPS: "I saw diners dashing right out of the place after waiting two hours to get served. Deneyer showed his own dash by firing 30 waiters the first week. He said they were inefficient; they said he'd promised $14 a day and paid them $5."

DENEYER: "Waiting for his meal to cook, the customer will relax, drink—he will love it."

PHILLIPS: "In the Canadian bar I paid 70c a glass for wine and didn't love it a bit. The same wine is half the price in Swiss, Spanish or Israeli bars."

T & C officials got so many complaints about food and prices they have since held two unpublicized meetings with Deneyer. The $5.20 meal is now $4.20. You get about the same from the Czechs for $3.

Background

NO UPSWING IN BANKRUPTCIES

Business may look a little sick, as some businessmen say, but the mortality rate is no worse than recent years. In spite of the recession "there has been no dramatic upswing in bankruptcies," says J. S. Larose, superintendent of bankruptcy in the justice department. In 1956, a boom year, 2,849 businesses went into bankruptcy court. It was 3,412 last year and the pace is about the same this year. Biggest recent bankruptcy: a Toronto construction firm (George Hardy Ltd.) that sank with $3 million declared liabilities.

MOUNTIES TOP CROWD STOPPERS

Best-drawing exhibits in the Canadian pavilion at the Brussels Fair are the Orenda engine and Cobalt (cancer) bomb, according to traffic counts on 6,000 daily visitors. But they don't match our eight Mounties as crowd stoppers. "I saw a crowd clicking cameras in front of the giant Archambault mural and thought art had finally come into its own," reports Alan Phillips for Maclean's (see above). "Then I saw it was a Mountie they'd been shooting." Mounties wear civvies off duty so they won't collect crowds.

WE BRAG ABOUT INVENTIONS

Canadians modest, shy, self-effacing? Not so, says Brantford businessman Cyril Henderson, who, fed up with Russian and American claims of being first to invent this and that, began a list of firsts for Britain (100) and Canada (20). The Canadian ones, he claims, include insulin, steamship, telephone, foghorn, Pablum and batteryless radio. He's had hundreds of letters of encouragement. The gist of them: "Toot our horn a little louder."

WEIGHT GUESSERS CURSE SACK

As if things weren't tough enough for weight guessers now sharpening up for the summer carnivals, there's the sack dress. "Frankly it's going to be a problem," says John Park of Toronto, a weight guesser for 37 years. "We guess about 60% right (within three pounds either way), but a few years ago the bustle knocked us for a loop. I'm afraid the sack will be worse. For me it's as bad as a raincoat—we hate rainy days."

NOW IT'S LATE LATE VODVIL

Snowed under almost everywhere by TV, vaudeville is fighting back in one small sector for the most unlikely audience—people who watch the late late late shows. Vancouver's Majestic this spring showed late late late vaudeville starting at 1 a.m. until closing at 5 a.m. It went so well they'll try it again in the fall after a summer layoff.

Editorial

Unions forsake blind loyalty—a lesson for others too

AT THE RISK of sounding like a black reactionary we suggest that the dispute between the CPR and its firemen has served one good end. It has dealt a much needed blow to the notion that blind uncritical loyalty—in unions, in unions or within any other segment of the body politic—is a virtue in itself.

Not long ago the ancient code of solidarity would have compelled every other union in Canada to give unqualified support to the firemen. It would not have mattered that their object was to maintain unneeded men in unnecessary jobs, thus inevitably raising the transportation costs of the public at large. Regardless of the real issues, most of organized labor would have seen the paramount issue as a struggle between labor and the bosses. Many unions would have been prepared to strike in sympathy with the firemen as a fellow union, even while being utterly out of sympathy with their cause.

It is to the credit of labor that nothing of the sort happened this time. Nearly all unions elected to weigh the real issues on their merits; they gave the firemen little support or encouragement in their threatened strike. And in following this mature and reasoned course, we maintain, they did not betray their fellow unionists; on the contrary they tried to dissuade them from a reckless blunder that could have led them and to some extent the rest of labor into a great disaster.

There are many other special groups within this complicated society—professional groups, business groups, employers' groups, political groups. Few of them have been so consistently wise or broad of vision that they too cannot with profit reexamine the fatuous and often dangerous credo of my union right or wrong, my association right or wrong, my party right or wrong.

This kind of unthinking, automatic loyalty to some particular interest not only comes as a rule into conflict with the general interest; it very often defeats its own ends. Who can say the supine loyalty of the Liberal Party to itself and its leaders during the last twenty years was not a major cause of its own downfall? Who can say that medicine, law and other professions have really advanced their own or the public's ends by their tendency to close ranks in the face of almost any breath of public criticism of their members? Who can say the nation's Chambers of Commerce, Boards of Trade and similar associations might not have better served their own interests by spending a little less energy attacking the "enemies" of business and a little more energy repairing its deficiencies?

Loyalty is one of the noblest of all human qualities. But when it deliberately shuts its eyes to the facts of life, when it sets one class or order against another with no regard for common sense or consequence, then it becomes no more than another pathetic and self-defeating folly.

Mailbag

- ✓ B.C.—a roost for a flock of ne'er-do-wells?
- ✓ A bid from Maritimes for our "Churchillian" prose
- ✓ B.C. art—"indescribable smears and scrawls"?

B.C. is snobbish? (British Columbians Are Snobs, by Lister Sinclair, May 10) How true! B.C. is radical? How can it be otherwise—all the extroverts, adventurers, malcontents and ne'er-do-wells flock here. One obnoxious result: B.C.'s own fantasy, or should I say nightmare: Social Credit government. Congratulations on your salute to B.C. — [illegible]

✓ I think Lister Sinclair suffers from snobbishness himself in writing such an article, which is disappointing from one whom I always thought blessed with more than average brains. — [illegible], WEST VANCOUVER.

✓ May I compliment you on Mr. Sinclair's remarks. — C. E. [illegible], WEST VANCOUVER.

✓ It is so contrary to my own observations of all parts of British Columbia. It is nothing short of a libel on the fine people of B.C. — [illegible], OTTAWA.

Slaughter of the fir

The wholesale logging of the Douglas fir forests (The Vanishing Forest that Built a Province, May 10) is reminiscent of the slaughter of buffalo and extermination of the passenger pigeon. The callous attitude that there is a never-ending supply of the great trees and that there'll always be enough around to finish off the [illegible] is despicable. When one compares the pitiful amount of reforestation in B.C. with that in the Pacific coast states of the U.S., one is sorely tempted to join with the conservation crusade at once. To B.C. a crusade is what's needed. — [illegible], TORONTO.

Native's return "Churchillian"

A Native's Return to B.C. (May 10) by Pierre Berton is surely fascinating reading not only for its interest but for the writing; actually Churchillian. You have never had anything like it ever before. How we'd like to have Pierre come to N.B. and write us up as we really are. My three oldest brothers were early B.C. settlers. — MRS. EVANGELINE [illegible], N.B.

✓ Pierre Berton states that Simon Fraser named B.C. or part of it New Caledonia because he thought it as lovely as his native Scotland. Fraser was indeed of Scottish descent, he was however born at Bennington, Vermont, in 1776 and moved with his family to Canada later. He joined the North West Company at 16 and in 1801 he became a partner. — R. A. [illegible], CALGARY.

What sells painter Hughes

Why such a small space for E. J. Hughes' [illegible] Island? (B.C. by Its Own Best Artists, May 10). What impresses me in your quote: Hughes is the only one of this group who lives by painting alone. There is proof in Hughes' work that people will pay extravagant prices for paintings that bring peace of mind, are pleasing in color and workmanship, and bring beauty to one's home. What else do we buy paintings for? — HAROLD [illegible], HAMILTON.

✓ With the exception of one print by E. J. Hughes, your album by B.C. artists looks like what's left on the floor of a room in our house after I've painted a ceiling. You could have obtained the same results by commissioning some grade-6 students to do the portfolio. — [illegible] DONNELLY, DUNDAS, ONT.

✓ When a magazine prints indescribable smears and scrawls as art that [illegible]. No wonder foreign powers deem us a nation of clowns. I have spanked my children for less. — [illegible], SHERBROOKE.

Cover to cover: 4 hours

I started to read your centenary edition at 3.30 p.m. and became so absorbed that I continued reading with but a pause until 7.45 p.m. when I reached the back cover. I thank you for a very enjoyable and profitable evening. — A. J. [illegible]

✓ Your B.C. issue is sour grapes. The crowning effort was Blair Fraser's The Rise and Fall of Social Credit. Lots of people are not satisfied with S.C. government but how nice to live where we can say so. — MRS. H. SANDERS, [illegible], B.C.

✓ An outstanding job. — [illegible], B.C.

✓ British Columbia would do well to procure a million copies of this issue and send one to every corner of the globe. — MRS. [illegible]

✓ The art, humor and reports make very worthwhile reading. — MRS. FRANCES [illegible]

MORE MAILBAG ON PAGE 63

At Owen Stanley Park, B.C. The 58 Ford Sunliner—beautiful new way to put sunshine in your driving

Driven a dream lately?

TAKE a fresh summer morning. Add a country road to nowhere in particular — and you're in the mood for dreaming.

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THE COVER

The best advertisement Halifax's one tattoo parlor (naturally it's on Barrington St.) has is the boss, C. Snow. His partner D. Briand is embellishing the display in **Rex Woods'** painting. For **Horst Ehricht's** photograph of the same scene turn to page 18.

Maclean-Hunter Publishing Company Limited: Horace T. Hunter, Chairman of the Board; **Floyd S. Chalmers,** President; **Donald F. Hunter,** Vice-President and Managing Director. Editorial, Circulation and Advertising Offices: 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Canada. Publishing Office: 1242 Peel Street, Montreal 2, Canada. **U.S.A.:** Maclean-Hunter Publishing Corporation, 341 Madison Ave., New York 17. **Great Britain:** Maclean-Hunter Limited, 125 Strand, London W.C.2. Single copies 15¢. Subscription prices: In Canada 1 year $3.00, 2 years $5.00, 3 years $7.00, 5 years $10.00. All other countries $8.00 per year. Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa. Contents copyright 1958 by Maclean-Hunter Publishing Company Limited. Characters and names in fiction stories appearing in Maclean's are imaginary. The contents may not be reprinted without permission. Manuscripts submitted to Maclean's must be accompanied by self-addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The publishers will exercise every care in handling but will not be responsible for the loss of any manuscript, drawing or photograph.

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London Letter

BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

Crime and punishment among the Teddy boys

It was Sunday evening in St. John's Wood and the Baxters were enjoying the crackling of the grate fire and the cackling of comedians on the television set in the morning room. No one else was in the house and therefore it was rather odd to hear a sharp knock on the morning room door. We were even more astonished when we found that the intruders were a husky policeman plus a plain-clothes officer and a dark-haired youth with Teddy boy clothes.

"Sorry to disturb you," said the policeman, "but this here young fellow got onto the roof of the house next door and jumped across to your roof, Ma'am."

It was all very cosy and congenial, so much so in fact that I felt we should offer refreshment at least to the uniformed policeman. "No thanks, sir," he said. "Not on duty." A log in the grate fire fully split its side and then calmed down.

"That house next door," he said, "is always being burgled." This seemed odd for it used to belong to the famous ex-Torontonian Miss Beatrice Lillie and I cannot imagine her taking in burglars like unpaying guests. But if the youth was on the roof of the house next door why and how did he get into the Baxter abode?

"Well, you see, sir," said the constable, "they've been burgled so often in that house that the whole place is full of burglar alarms. So this young fellow got frightened by the alarms and jumped across from their roof to yours." With an air of official dignity he added: "From your roof, Ma'am, he made an illegal entry into your house."

"He seems harmless enough," said my wife.

"Perhaps," said the officer, "but take a look at this." Whereupon he handed me a thin rubber-covered "cosh." "It doesn't look much," he said, "but one crack with that and you don't know what day it is." Feeling that he had probably said enough on the subject the constable took the youth by the arm and we escorted them safely to the street.

"Apologize to the lady," said the policeman. The wretched boy turned to my wife and then with downcast eyes said, "Sorry you've been troubled." Thus was decorum maintained to the very end. But there was an epilogue. "I'll let you know when his case comes up," said the constable. And thus did St. John's Wood return to silence and respectability.

So in a few days time my wife and I went at eleven o'clock in the morning to see justice administered. But there were many cases to be heard and we settled down to study the tragi-comedy of a London police court. Here in ordinary dress was the magistrate, calm, quiet-spoken and understanding. First he took the drunks.

The morning after the night before has always been a harsh experience even without the interference of the law, but to wake up in jug

continued on page 54

What makes the Teddy boys turn to crime? "A mixture of youth that stirs up latent sodden vanity."

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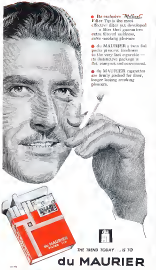

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IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

The argument that started itself

As everybody knows, a certain amount of anti-American feeling is abroad in the land and some of the things being said about our Big Neighbor to the south are not entirely flattering. Recently that famous and hot-tempered novelist Morley Callaghan of Toronto had his ears bent by a succession of people sounding off against the U.S. The criticism struck him as unwarranted and irresponsible so he told us we could expect an article from him blasting Canadians for blasting Americans.

We planned to print this article in our contentious "For the sake of argument" column, which ordinarily occupies this space. But by pure coincidence another famous and hot-tempered novelist, Farley Mowat of Palgrave, Ont., was at the typewriter at the same time Callaghan was, pounding out an angry article that took a stand exactly opposite to Callaghan's. Mowat's manuscript, completely unheralded, reached us in the same mail as Callaghan's, and since they examined two sides of an important question in a lively fashion we're running them in tandem starting on page 13.

And opening on page 16 you'll find an article on Barrington Street, Halifax, written by a third distinguished novelist, Thomas H. Raddall. Callaghan, Mowat and Raddall are towering figures in Canadian literature.

Callaghan, a lawyer who turned to writing, has gained international recognition with six novels and two volumes of short stories. He's also a playwright and a TV and radio panelist. Before settling down in Toronto, his birthplace, he spent years in Paris and New York. A new anthology of his short stories is to be brought out this fall and The Man with the Coat, which won a $5,000 Maclean's Novel Award in 1955, is scheduled to be published between hard covers next spring.

Mowat, a bearded stubby young man who lives in a log cabin he built himself, has had dozens of short stories and five books published. His fourth book, The Dog Who Wouldn't Be, was a best seller both here and in the U.S.; his fifth has just been published. Mowat has traveled among and written about Canada's Eskimos. A war veteran, he spent six years in the army.

Raddall, soft-spoken and scholarly, now lives at Liverpool, N.S. He went to sea at the age of fifteen, serving in naval transports and as a wireless officer on merchant ships, before becoming a landlubber and an author. He has a dozen books to his credit—six novels, four collections of short stories and two histories—and is now writing an historical novel.

We're happy to be able to offer you Callaghan, Mowat and Raddall in a single issue because in any list of the ten greatest Canadian authors, their names would be near the top.

Hutchison

Roy

Raddall

Tom Raddall requires a second round of applause in this issue; it has been announced that his latest book, The Path of Destiny, has won the Governor-General's award for academic non-fiction. A portion of this stirring work of Canadian history received its first publication in Maclean's last September under the title How George Washington Lost Canada.

Maclean's also had the privilege of introducing before book publication some of the liveliest and most readable excerpts of two other Governor-General's medal winners for 1957. One was Gabrielle Roy's delightful novel Street of Riches; we published a long chapter under the book's original French title, Rue Deschambault, last August.

And Bruce Hutchison's Canada: Tomorrow's Giant—which won the Governor-General's award for creative non-fiction—was actually an outgrowth and slight expansion of Hutchison's fifteen-part series that ran in Maclean's in 1955 and 1956. The title we used was Bruce Hutchison Rediscovers the Unknown Country.

Thus Maclean's readers were present at the unveiling of all three of the most highly honored Canadian books — exclusive of poetry and juveniles — that were published during 1957.

IN THIS MOMENT

It seemed, now, that everything in the past had been a preparation for this moment. How swift the passing of the years, how warm the memories ... her childish footsteps on the stairs to this room, the whisper of some secret confidence, her quick tears and quicker laughter ... and his deep pride as she grew in grace and understanding.

For her, for her mother, there would be continuing expression of his devotion and care, with the help of those who had served him so well down through the years. The Royal Trust had arranged his purchase of this home, managed his investments, and put his wishes into a plan that would protect the *comfort* and *security* of his family.

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FOR THE SAKE OF ARGUMENT

Two of Canada's foremost authors clash head-on over an issue that becomes more contentious with each day's headlines:

MORLEY CALLAGHAN SAYS

Let's go easy on the U. S. A.

"The present anti-Americanism in this country is an old disease flaring up in an ugly rash. By making the U.S. our moral whipping boy we're only fleeing from our own sins..."

FARLEY MOWAT SAYS

Let's get tough with the U. S. A.

"Many Americans have come to despise Canadians as a spineless collection of nonentities. It's time we hit back at their invasion of our rights and our lives. Let's close the border..."

Callaghan and Mowat state their conflicting stands in full, beginning on the next page continued from previous page

For the sake of argument

Morley Callaghan:

GO EASY

The anti-Americanism so prevalent in Canada right now is kept well below the surface so that editorial writers, I suppose, can piously deny it exists. If there is a little rancor showing here and there, those expressing it come up with blandly plausible and rational explanations. In the west, they tell you the farmers resent the way the Americans have been dumping their wheat and other agricultural products on the world markets making it difficult for us to sell our Canadian wheat. In the industrial east they talk about the absentee owners of American corporations in Canada refusing to let Canadians acquire a just share of the stock of these corporations. American investors, they say, are gaining control of our natural resources; worse still the American state department, by meddling in the affairs of those American-controlled motor-car companies in Canada, has blocked an effort to open up one of the channels of trade with China.

Areas of differences in matters of trade between the two countries there well may be. When you are coping with the rational there is always the prospect of a sensible solution. But I don't think the present anti-Americanism in this country is rational at all. It is an old disease flaring up in an ugly rash. Those who suffer from it cover it up. They duck and squirm away from any discovery of the disease and profess to be unaware that they suffer from it. These differences in views on trade matters are simply something they pounce on eagerly. The anti-Americanism, of course, has been latent for some generations, but between 1911, the time of the reciprocity election, and now it has found happy and respectable expression and wide acceptance too in a kind of comical self-righteousness of spirit that has been embarrassing to me as a Canadian.

Anyone who listened to a program on the CBC's Fighting Words a few weeks ago could have caught a glimpse of what I mean. The participants were discussing police brutality. It was agreed that there might be rare cases of brutality in the treatment of prisoners in our country but there was also ready agreement that this brutality resulted from the introduction of American methods. Pass the buck to the Americans, that was the idea. And then I saw how

continued on page 57

Farley Mowat:

GET TOUGH

The topic of Canadian-American relationships ought to be extremely popular nowadays since there is probably no other single factor influencing our society which is of greater import to us. We should be thinking and talking about it with the same kind of vigor that we devote to discussions of hockey, sputniks, baseball, stocks, new car models, and the other vital elements in Canadian civilization.

We *should* be doing this—but we are not. It is almost more than a casual conversationalist's life is worth even to raise the subject in most gatherings of Canadians. I have the impression that the taboo on discussions of our relations with the Yanks is second only to the taboo which prevents overt recognition of the shortcomings of Canadians. But taboos do not spring spontaneously from the human soul—they are planted and carefully nurtured to maturity, and so it has been with this one. I do not know who planted it (though I suspect an adroit bit of propaganda culture on the part of American-owned Canadian businesses) but I do know who the gardeners are. They are my own flesh and blood—my fellow writers, radio commentators and other pundits of that ilk. For decades now the majority of them have been using their talents effectively to support the taboo by stifling general interest in the subject. Their methods are simplicity itself. They have taken what is essentially an emotionally charged subject and they have systematically bled it of all passion until the corpse has become a repellent travesty of an issue.

The recurrent theme in their work has been that we must never, never allow our blood to become heated by the mere fact that we are being engulfed by a foreign power. Most of them of course do not really admit that the engulfment is a fact but even those few who cannot evade this truth attempt to soothe our natural distress by offering us a version of that famous gem of passive philosophy: "When rape is inevitable, relax and enjoy it."

Well, I refuse to buy their brand of pap. I am a simple soul and an emotional one, and I labor under the delusion that honest rage is one of the most invaluable weapons that the human animal possesses, that it was given to him for a purpose, and that if he fails to use it

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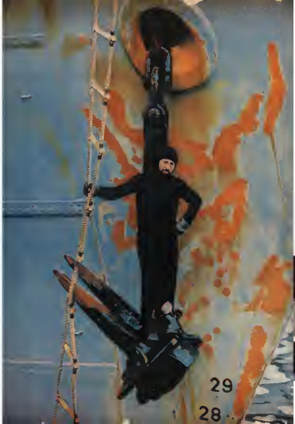


The streets of Canada:

BARRINGTON

In its four salt-scented miles of kinks and jogs it harbors the highest and lowest life in Halifax. It belongs to shopkeepers, seafarers and tenement dwellers... and the eerie ghosts of a panoplied past

TEXT BY **Thomas H. Raddall** PICTURES WITHOUT WORDS BY **Horst Ehricht**

BARRINGTON STREET weaves its way like a tipsy sailor along the west slope of Halifax harbor from the railway station to the shore of Bedford Basin, a long four miles including the kinks and jogs. You're never far from the water: every cross-lane running down the slope breaks the wall of shops and houses and gives you a loophole view of the harbor. Naturally there's a nautical flavor. A salt breeze comes up the side streets from the wharves. The uniforms you see are mostly those of the navy and merchant service. In the steamship offices you can buy a ticket to almost any port in the world. You can buy a beer in taverns called The Lighthouse, The Sea Way or the Harbor View.

However you don't find much awareness of the sea in the crowds of shoppers, clerks, stenographers and other business types who pour in and out of the buildings. Most of them live west of Citadel Hill in a vast sprawl of residential streets that might be any suburb of Toronto or Winnipeg. To these Barrington is a place to work or to buy or sell and the harbor is just a cold wind and a smell. This used to surprise me in my own seafaring days but I found it

Continued on next page

BARRINGTON *continued*

true of every big seaport, where the landlubbers and the seafarers live in different worlds. It's true, too, that they meet and mingle on Barrington Street, but the real harbor folk are the ones who live between Citadel Hill and the water.

This includes the people who actually live on Barrington. The merchants' mile runs only from the railway station to the crossing of Buckingham Street; the next mile takes you to the dockyard and shipyards through a dreary procession of shabby brick or wooden tenements, usually with small shops on the ground floor and lodgings to let upstairs. At the Navy's dockyard Barrington passes under the massive shadow of the harbor bridge, skirts the shore of the Narrows and takes a wide curve around the Bedford Basin anchorage to Fairview. On this stretch you find an odd succession of smart suburban bungalows, a view of the grim City Prison at Rock Head and the smelly shacks of Africville. In short a journey along Barrington from one end to the other is a tour of the Halifax social world with everything from Government House and Birks' diamonds to the most squalid poverty known to men.

The business mile is the heart of Halifax and every inch of it is precious, but you find no skyscrapers. The average building has four or five stories, most of them are at least half a century old and some are absolute antiques. You have only to look above the shops. In some of those upper rooms and attics you can still see the little square windowpanes of the colonial age. And down below, in some of the basements, you can find queer cellars like catacombs, walled with stone dragged out of the Halifax hillside back in the eighteenth century. Yet the street-floor shops have all the clean glitter of glass, tile and chrome and plastic that you find in any main street in modern North America.

To a merchant on the business mile, especially the part between Government House and City Hall, the street has a good side and a bad one. On that stretch of Barrington the Haligonians prefer to tramp the east sidewalk rather than the west. Why, nobody knows. But as a result the shops along the east side get the cream of the business and a frontal foot of land there is worth at least forty percent more than a foot across the street. The city assessors recognize this and taxes are figured on that basis.

This is a prosperous city and from old habit Barrington is still the chief shopping street. A lot of money changes hands here in a day. What the future will do to all this is another matter. The narrow and crooked streets of downtown Halifax were laid out in the middle of the eighteenth century when a sedan chair at a jog trot was the hottest vehicle in town. The motor age has brought a traffic and parking headache that affects merchants and customers alike. Business is moving out along continued on page 38

The seafarers and the landlubbers live in different worlds—but they meet and mingle on Barrington Street

JOHNNY LONGDEN TELLS HIS OWN STORY · PART II

The greatest horse I ever rode

FLANKED BY ANTELOPE HEADS taken by the jockey, a photograph of himself mounted on Count Fleet fills the place of honor in Longden's den trophy room.

Count Fleet and **Longden all by themselves** in each of the three great races that lead to racing's rarely won Triple Crown. Top to bottom the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness, and the Belmont Stakes.

At first Longden thought Count Fleet was crazy. Then the headstrong colt carried him past every horse in sight to sweep racing's richest prizes in a brief brilliant partnership that has known few equals

BY JOHNNY LONGDEN
with TRENT FRAYNE

On a brisk spring morning in 1942 at the Belmont race track near New York I was galloping some two-year-old horses that belonged to a wealthy American owner named John D Hertz. I'd taken two or three for a few turns around the track and then Don Cameron, who was Mr Hertz's trainer, pointed to a rangy brown fellow being saddled by one of the grooms.

"Take him for a little ride John," Don said. "I don't know much about him yet but his old man could run some."

"Who is he?" I asked Don.

"A Reigh Count colt," Don said, naming the winner of the 1928 Kentucky Derby. "Name's Count Fleet."

I've ridden some great horses in my thirty-one years of racing—Whirlaway and Noor and Swaps come quickly to mind—and I've also seen some great ones, Nashua and Citation for example, the only thoroughbreds in the world ever to win a million dollars. But that early spring morning in 1942 was the day I first saw the greatest horse I ever rode or saw: that sleek brown two-year-old, Count Fleet, who turned out to have a mind of his own, a sense of humor and a chivalrous way with lady horses. He retired rich and produced a son who won the Kentucky Derby. What more could you ask of man or beast?

My lofty claims for the Count are not generally shared, it's true. But I think this is because he just wasn't around long enough for the thoroughbred world to gauge his true worth. Early in June of 1943, while he was winning the richly fashionable Belmont Stakes by twenty-five lengths, he kicked himself in the right fore ankle, inflicting an injury that never properly responded to treatment. He was only a three-year-old but because he had won everything in sight that year, including the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness, the Wood Memorial and the Withers Stakes, Mr Hertz retired him to stud rather than risk breaking him down permanently. Thus, just about everything most people remember about Count Fleet transpired fifteen years ago between April 17 when he won the Wood Memorial at the Jamaica track and June 5 at Belmont when he ran his last race.

I rode him in all his races—fifteen as a two-year-old and six when he was three—and in all of his morning works, and this came about in a curious way. That morning in 1942 when I saw him for the first time I figured he was a crazy horse. After I got on him outside the barn we walked out on the track and he just decided we'd go the wrong way. I couldn't change his mind, try as I did, so we galloped away clockwise instead of counter-clockwise as traffic runs on North American race tracks. This would have been fine if the track had been deserted but it wasn't. There were other jocks working other horses, and right away here were two of them heading straight for us. We went right between them in what could have been one hell of a collision.

I got that crazy colt to a stop and walked all the way back to the barn, leading him. I told Don Cameron that the colt was nuts, and to keep him away from me.

The next morning I was walking past the barn and Don called to me. Don was born in Winnipeg and we were old friends from the prairie-circuit days.

"Hey John," he said grinning. "You want to work that crazy colt?"

"Not me, kid," I said.

"Oh come on. Nobody else will."

So I said okay, and this time Count Fleet was kind enough to go where I wanted him to go and he even showed a fair turn of speed.

A couple of days later I heard that Mr Hertz was offering the colt for sale along with some other two-year-olds, at $4,500. So far there'd been no takers. I told Don I thought they ought to take the colt off the list. Whether my word influenced him or not I don't know, but Don suggested to Mr Hertz that we keep the colt awhile and he came off the list.

Count Fleet wasn't an easy colt to teach. At first he used to bear out and wanted to run all over the track. We began working him with another horse running on the outside so that he couldn't bear out.

I remember the first time I took him to the post. It was at Belmont. I looked up at Eddie Blind, the assistant starter, and said "He's going to the Derby, Eddie," continued on page 47

Always ripe for a scrap, O'Leary after work often walks down Wellington Street to the Rideau Club for a drink and, usually, an argument

The last angry Tory

In today's sea of Conservative smiles a scowl still sometimes marks the staunchest if unruliest Tory of them all. Grattan O'Leary's tirades have never spared his friends —not even now

Scattering his fire, O'Leary finds any party or practice that rouses his ire. His succession to the presidency of the Ottawa Journal hasn't mellowed his editorials at all.

Scowling O'Leary, smiling Henri Bourassa contrast among the heads of ten famous journals mounted outside Parliament's reading room

By Alan Phillips

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROSEMARY GILLIAT

Between three and four in the afternoon is the hour when hackles rise on Ottawa's Parliament Hill, the hour when politicians open the Ottawa Journal at page six, the editorial page that has been one of the most widely quoted in Canada for many years.

Editorials by custom are unsigned. But the Journal's lead editorials bear the unmistakable imprint of one individual. When the Liberals in opposition are defined as "political eunuchs" and their platform as "a string of vague words and incantations sprinkled with moral sauce," most long-time readers can recognize the writer: [illegible] Michael Grattan O'Leary, third president of the Journal, distinguished reporter, orator, wit and dean of political partisans.

Following the war the External Affairs Department conceived the idea of sending several Canadians, including O'Leary, to Europe to talk to Canadian troops on the changes in their country. Two days before O'Leary was to depart his sailing was canceled. The names of the emissaries had come up in a cabinet meeting. "O'Leary?" Mackenzie King had exclaimed. "Going to Europe? Oh no he's not! Have him over there preaching Tory propaganda to those boys!"

O'Leary, who is now sixty-nine, has been as well known to every prominent politician since Laurier as he was to King. But many friends have left the arena; today O'Leary's name is better known than his personality. To some Liberals he is the arch-Tory, pillar of Empire and privilege; to others he is a Liberal with a small l. To some Tories he is a maverick who bolts the party line; to others he is the conscience of the party. Either faction knows enough about O'Leary to be sure he'll criticize as readily under a lopsided Conservative majority as under a Liberal regime.

"While Mackenzie King was putting glamour girls in Liberal clubs," he wrote at the end of King's reign, "the Conservative party still thought ... in terms of some third-rate newspaperman hired at the last moment to get out election leaflets ... committee rooms with sawdust and spittoons on the floor, paid organizers with election cigars and Union Jacks in the windows. ..." It "gave too much thought to three organizations ... the Quebec hierarchy, the Orange Order, the Canadian Manufacturers' Association [which] despite all of this concern and courting ... deserted the party—and took out insurance with Mackenzie King."

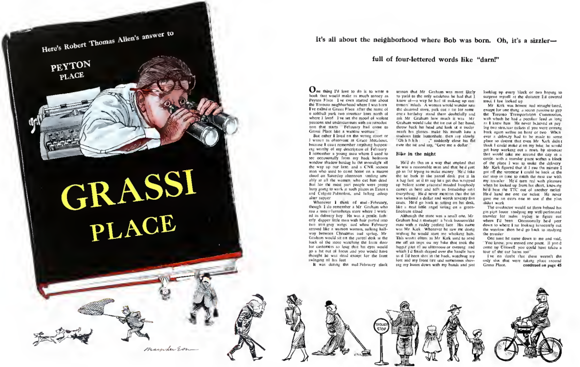
"A political platform," he wrote before the last Conservative leadership convention, "is impossible and dishonest. The most a party should do is lay down a set of principles." The ideal of political showmanship, he suggests, quoting Will Hays, "is not how high you can raise a hemline and get away with it, but how far you can lower it and still hold a man's attention."

He cried "nonsense" when the Tories, newly in power, talked of repealing parliament's rule of closure. And when the government's trade mission to England returned last December O'Leary remarked that the glowing reports of its "wonderful success" **continued on page 65**

Here's Robert Thomas Allen's answer to

PEYTON PLACE

GRASSI PLACE



It's all about the neighborhood where Bob was born. Oh, it's a sizzler—full of four-lettered words like "darn!"

One thing I'd love to do is to write a book that would make as much money as Peyton Place. I've even started one about the Toronto neighborhood where I was born. I've called it Grassi Place after the name of a softball park two streetcar lines north of where I lived. I've set the mood of violent passions and undercurrents with an introduction that starts: "February had come to Grassi Place like a wanton woman."

But either I lived on the wrong street or I wasn't as observant as Grace Metalious, because I can't remember anything happening worthy of my description of February. I remember a young man whom I used to see occasionally from my back bedroom window shadow boxing in the moonlight all the way up our lane, and a CNR section man who used to coast home on a mauve cloud on Saturday afternoon, smiling amiably at all the women, who cut him dead. But for the most part people were pretty busy going to work at such places as Eaton's and Colgate Palmolive, and falling asleep after supper.

Whenever I think of mid-February, though, I do remember a Mr. Graham who ran a men's-furnishings store where I worked as delivery boy. He was a gentle, fatherly, dapper little man with hair parted into two iron-grey wings, and when February arrived like a wanton woman, sulking halfway between Christmas and spring, Mr. Graham would sit on the parcel desk at the back of the store watching the front door for customers so long that his eyes would go a bit out of focus and you would have thought he was dead except for the faint swinging of his feet.

It was during the mid-February slack season that Mr. Graham was most likely to yield to the only weakness he had that I know of—a way he had of making up customers' minds. A woman would wander into the deserted store, pick out a tie for someone's birthday, stand there doubtfully and ask Mr. Graham how much it was. Mr. Graham would take the tie out of her hand, throw back his head and look at it underneath his glasses, make his mouth into a studious little buttonhole, then say slowly, "Oh h h h h . . . ," suddenly close his fist over the tie and say, "Give me a dollar."

Bike in the night

He'd do this in a way that implied that he was a reasonable man and that he'd just go so far trying to make money. He'd take the tie back to the parcel desk, put it in a bag fast, as if to say let's get this wrapped up before some practical-minded busybody comes in here and tells us friendship isn't everything. He'd never mention that the tie was ticketed a dollar and worth seventy-five cents. He'd go back to sitting on his desk, like a neat little angel sitting on a green-linoleum cloud.

Although the store was a small one, Mr. Graham had a manager, a brisk businesslike man with a ruddy peeling face. His name was Mr. Kirk. Whenever he saw me doing nothing he would start me whisking hats. This wasn't often, as Mr. Kirk used to send me off on trips on my bike that took the bigger part of an afternoon or evening, and which I'd finish draped over the handle bars as if I'd been shot in the back, watching my feet and my front tire and sometimes shoving my knees down with my hands and just looking up every block or two hoping to surprise myself at the distance I'd covered since I last looked up.

Mr. Kirk was honest and straight-laced, except for one thing, a secret passion to gyp the Toronto Transportation Commission, with which he had a peculiar feud as long as I knew him. He never believed in paying two streetcar tickets if you were coming back again within an hour or two. Whenever a delivery had to be made to some place so distant that even Mr. Kirk didn't think I could make it on my bike, he would get busy working out a route by streetcar that would take me around the city in a circle, with a transfer point within a block of the place I was to make the delivery. Mr. Kirk figured that if I ran the minute I got off the streetcar I could be back at the car stop in time to catch the next car with my transfer. He'd turn red with pleasure when he looked up from his chart, knowing he'd beat the TTC out of another nickel. He'd hand me one car ticket. He never gave me an extra one to use if the plan didn't work.

The conductor would sit there behind his gas-pipe fence studying my well-perforated transfer for miles, trying to figure out where I'd been. Occasionally he'd peer down to where I sat looking innocently out the window, then he'd go back to studying the transfer.

One time he came down to me and said, "You know, you missed one point. If you'd come up Coxwell you could have taken a tour of the car barns too."

I've no doubt that these weren't the only sins that were taking place around Grassi Place.

continued on page 45

"It happened to me"

This is another of the series of personal-experience stories that will appear from time to time in Maclean's — stories told by its readers about some interesting dramatic event in their lives.

HAVE YOU SUCH A STORY? If so, send it to the articles editor, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. For stories accepted Maclean's will pay the regular rates it offers for articles.

[illegible]

I went back to school at forty-two

My husband was amused. My son was embarrassed. My classmates, young enough to be my children, resented me. But I made a childhood ambition come true—and learned things about myself I never knew

BY FLORENCE I. SMITH

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLES SKAGGS

One morning in the fall of 1949 I got on a Hill bus in North Toronto like any other middle-aged woman on her way downtown for a day's shopping. I took a seat near the front and watched out the window for my son, who had left the house a little ahead of me to pick up some friends on his way to school. I knew he would be getting on at the next stop.

A few moments later I realized with a shock that he had got on with his friends, given me a glazed look, nodded and kept going to the back of the bus. When he got off at the University of Toronto he raised his eyes, met mine, ducked his head and stepped out the door as if I were vaguely familiar but my name had somehow escaped him.

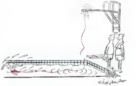
Anyone who knew us might have thought we'd had a quarrel. But we hadn't. Nor was there anything thoughtless or callous in his action. He was faced with a special problem—going to school with his mother.

I wasn't going downtown to shop. I was going to college, in which I had enrolled the year before at the age of forty-two, with the background of an average mother and housewife. I was a full-time day student in a class of youngsters half my age. My son explained to me later that he had figured it out and had decided that it would be better for both of us if we got started on the right basis—just two people going to school—and he was right.

It was one incident of many that took place during the three years in which I mingled on an equal footing with college students young enough to be my children. I eventually got to know and understand the young people I went to school with and to realize that their reaction to me was a normal one of youth. Many became my good friends. But it took three years.

In the meantime continued on page 32

In a special sketch the author depicts the contrast between herself and her classmates at the Ontario College of Art during the first stage of her career as a painter. "To the kids," she says, "I was disgustingly bourgeois."



"Shall we stroll down to the other end of the pool?"

Sweet & sour

How to tell the players in an adult western

Television this season will feature more Westerns than ever—Adult Westerns. An Adult Western is one where character is depicted more subtly. The Bad Guys aren't *entirely* bad as the Good Guys entirely good—as is the case in the Non Adult Western. You can look for the following gradations this season.

Much more bad than good:
Rustles cattle, corrupts sheriff, ogles women, cusses terribly. But refuses to cheat at poker.

Somewhat worse than better:
Pulls crooked deals, rides horses too hard, gets drunk. But very kind to children and a wonderful cook.

Slightly on good side:
Befriends helpless women, never swears, shaves regularly. But uses marked cards, and give sheriff the hotfoot.

Great guy but has bad flaw:
Sober, industrious, honest, risks life to thwart bank hold up, train hold up, saloon hold up. But plays slot machines, and is always broke.

Tough to figure out.
Won't steal cattle but steals horses. Chews tobacco but weeky over beautiful sunsets. Gentleman with blondes but wolf with brunettes. Adores cats but kicks dogs. Pays all debts but makes counterfeit money.

I'm looking forward to an Adult Western with all the characters in the last category. I'll bet it will give me more to think about than *Hamlet*.

PARKS CUMMINGS

"Mud again?"

CANADIAN HISTORY REVISITED

By Peter Whalley

THE TRADING POST ABOUT 1780

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Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

BEST BET **RUN SILENT, RUN DEEP:** Lieut. Burt Lancaster and Cmdr. Clark Gable of Uncle Sam's navy are partnered in this tough, realistic drama of submarine warfare in the Pacific in 1943. Happily there is a bare minimum of the seemingly inevitable hokum among the crew, including the "unlucky" lad who is clearly marked for death.

DANGEROUS EXILE: A cloak-and-dagger costume melodrama from Britain, bulging with clichés but mildly diverting. The locale is a Welsh island and the period sometime shortly after the French Revolution. With Belinda Lee, Louis Jourdan, Keith Michell, Anne Heywood, Finlay Currie.

PARIS HOLIDAY: Hollywood's Bob Hope and France's Fernandel share both the laughter and the tedium in this noisy but sluggish farce, in which Mr. H. gets mixed up with a gang of counterfeiters. Martha Hyer and Anita Ekberg are also involved. Rating: fair.

ROONEY: Perhaps for the first time in movie history, a garbage man is the hero of the story in this pleasant British comedy starring John Gregson. The setting is Dublin, and our boy is surrounded by a blithe squad of spalpeens young and old, including Barry Fitzgerald, Noel Purcell and Liam Redmond. The title song is uncommonly bouncy and hummable.

ST. LOUIS BLUES: A disappointing screen biography of the late W. C. Handy, the father of the blues, with a thin and bloodless story and not even a generous amount of music by way of compensation. With Nat King Cole, Eartha Kitt, Ella Fitzgerald.

TOUCH OF EVIL: Occasional flashes of his old-time brilliance merely accentuate the general confusion and arty pretensions of this Orson Welles vehicle. He wrote it and directed it and appears in it as a ruthless detective who plants incriminating evidence on his suspects. With Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh, and an intriguing "guest" bit by Marlene Dietrich as a senior brunette.

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

Albert Schweitzer: Documentary. Good.
All at Sea: British comedy. Good.
All Mine to Give: Drama. Fair.

Bitter Victory: War drama. Fair.
The Bridge on the River Kwai: Action drama. Tops.
The Brothers Karamazov: Drama. Good.

Carve Her Name With Pride: True-life espionage drama. Good.
Chase a Crooked Shadow: British suspense thriller. Good.
Cinerama Holiday: Ultra-wide-screen travelogue. Good.
Cowboy: Western. Good.
Cry Terror!: Suspense. Good.

Davy: Drama with music. Fair.
Desire Under the Elms: Sexy farm melodrama. Good.

The Enemy Below: War at sea. Good.

The Female Animal: Drama. Poor.

The Gift of Love: Drama. Fair.
Golden Age of Comedy: Medley of silent-screen souvenirs. Good.
The Gypsy and the Gentleman: Costume melodrama. Fair.

High Cost of Loving: Comedy. Good.
High Flight: Air Force drama. Fair.

I Accuse!: Historical drama. Good.

The Lady Takes a Flyer: Aviation-adventure romance. Fair.
Lafayette Escadrille: Air-war and romance. Poor.
The Last Paradise: Tropical semi-documentary. Fair.
The Long, Hot Summer: Deep South comedy-drama. Good.

Marjorie Morningstar: Show-business romantic drama. Good.
Merry Andrew: Comedy. Good.
Miracle in Soho: Comedy. Fair.

The Naked Truth: Comedy. Good.

The Pajama Game: Musical. Excellent.
Paths of Glory: Drama. Excellent.
Peyton Place: Drama. Good.

Raintree County: "Epic" drama. Fair.

Saddle the Wind: Western. Good.
Sayonara: Japan drama. Good.
Screaming Mimi: Suspense. Poor.
The Sheepman: Western comedy-drama. Good.
The Silken Affair: Comedy. Fair.
The Story of Vickie: Historical comedy-drama. Fair.

Teacher's Pet: Comedy. Good.
3:10 to Yuma: Western. Good.

Underwater Warrior: Frogman comedy-drama. Fair.

Violent Playground: Drama. Fair.

Wild Is the Wind: Sexy farm melodrama. Good.
Windom's Way: Drama. Good.
Witness for the Prosecution: Courtroom comedy-drama. Good.

The Young Lions: War drama. Good.

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Almost everyone at some time has a surplus of income over expenditure. Some make bank deposits . . . some buy life insurance . . . some join a pension plan . . .

Bank deposits are protected by bank reserves . . . life insurance policies are protected by insurance company reserves . . . pension funds accumulate assets. A substantial portion of these reserves and these assets are invested in negotiable securities.

Many people use their surplus for an investment in a home, and every municipal property owner becomes a municipal tax payer. As such he assumes responsibility for his share of the municipal debenture debt which has been incurred to build roads, sewers, schools, public buildings and other municipal assets. Part of his taxes goes to pay interest and principal on this debt.

Every time you turn on a light switch you incur a liability for electric power. Your electric bill has a built-in charge which ends up by helping to service debt incurred to produce the power . . . other examples are legion.

You can hardly make a move where money is concerned, no matter how small the spending, without at least remotely giving a nudge somewhere to a negotiable security. This applies whether you smoke a cigarette, buy a newspaper, ride on a train or run on the gas. It applies whether you build an insurance estate or retire on a pension plan.

These, of course, are all examples of how negotiable securities indirectly touch the ordinary interests of each one of us.

Each year, more and more Canadians become persons of distinction through their direct ownership of negotiable securities. That's where we come in. If you own securities now or are about to become one, we think we can help you. We can help you plan . . . we can help you select . . . we can help you supervise.

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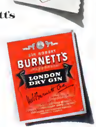

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I went back to school at forty-two

Continued from page 26

"I sat alone amid the noise of the students, thoroughly scared at the plight I'd got into"

a lot of things happened that many times nearly sent me back to my kitchen and sewing basket. I was called a square, a snob and a teacher's pet. I was snubbed, psychoanalyzed, sketched in rear elevation and occasionally treated with the deference due to the aged and decrepit. But I wouldn't give up the experience for anything else in the world.

It had all started one night when my husband Gordon, an assistant actuary with an insurance company, presented me with a wooden sketch box complete with a set of oil paints. Like most mothers of grown families I was beginning to find myself with an unaccustomed amount of free time and I had been thinking more and more of an ambition I had carried with me from high-school days: that of learning to paint. It had been shelved for the prior claim of raising a family and making a home. By the time my two boys, Lewis and Victor, were going to high school I had begun to talk about it again and Gordon had decided to call my bluff.

"You've talked about painting long enough," he said, handing me the sketch box. "Now do something about it."

I did: after two winters of night classes with a typical adult amateur group and a summer course at the Banff School of Fine Arts I was convinced that I wasn't getting the hard fundamental training I needed. I mentioned this to Fred Haines, principal of the Ontario College of Art.

"Do you think an old married woman with two grown sons would ever be accepted as a student at the College of Art?" I asked him.

"Yes, I do," he told me. "If you're serious about it you'll make as good a student as anyone else."

This time I made up my mind. I enrolled next term with the regular art class. I felt that I could organize my work and family responsibilities in a way that would leave my days free for school. Victor was now in his graduation year in Forestry at the University of Toronto. Lewis was taking first year mechanical engineering, which at that time was held at the University of Toronto's auxiliary school at Ajax, about thirty miles east of Toronto.

I was told that my night classes and experience at Banff entitled me to some credits and I was enrolled in the second year class. I was sent to one of the large bright classrooms on the second floor of the Grange, a building next to the Toronto Art Gallery in an old downtown area. I sat alone amid the smells of linseed oil and turpentine and the noise of the students out in the corridors, thoroughly scared and perched tentatively sidesaddle on a "donkey," a kind of bench with one high end.

The art student straddles the donkey, resting his drawing board on the high end. I was to get used to sitting on a donkey in time, but right then it somehow symbolized for me the plight I'd got myself into. I'm a big woman. Although my friends have told me often enough that I don't give the impression of being big, I can't forget that five feet eight inches. The donkey seemed made for blue jeans and the build of youth. To a mother of matronly build and an expert at English smocking the prospect of straddling it before the blasé eyes of the boys and girls I'd seen in the corridors took my full quota of determination to become an artist.

I sat there more or less all day waiting for my class to get organized and afraid to ask what was happening. One time I got the nerve up to approach a group of students in the hall and ask where my class was supposed to be. A nice looking young lad with a beard took his pipe from his mouth and said, "What class are you teaching?"

"I'm a student."

"Oh."

He put his pipe back in his mouth. The rest of the group gave me cold looks. Nobody said a word. I began to blush. I blush from the roots of my hair to the soles of my feet. I muttered something and went back to my donkey.

Even the teachers I spoke to that day obviously hadn't made up their minds whether to treat me as a teen-ager or a taxpayer, and by the time I had spent the whole day sitting alone in the classroom I felt so detached from the human race that I left for home that afternoon wondering whether I'd come back.

What does music look like?

But the next day the class finally got together. There were about twenty-five students, although as the term went on there were rarely that many present at any one class. My first class was one in composition. I'll never forget it. A record player was started and we all sat in a semicircle on the floor (an arrangement designed to make us feel free and easy) each with a big sheet of paper and some crayons. We were to try to express what the music made us feel. I didn't feel anything but nerves. Just sitting on the floor with a group of youngsters at nine-thirty on a weekday morning made me self-conscious enough. On top of that I couldn't for the life of me get any idea of what to put on paper.

I was brought squarely up against something that was to cause me a great deal of difficulty — the fact that the imagination of a forty-two-year-old adult, unless it has been constantly exercised, is not as facile as that of youth. One time, much later, in lithography class, where we were called upon to make original designs for transfer to lithographic stones, I got so desperate trying to pull something original out of my head that I conjured something from the only background I knew. While the toadstools, goblins, harlequins and snowflakes were taking shape on the drawing boards around me, I did a design of a meat chopper, a carrot, a turnip, an onion—all the ingredients of a good stew.

But I was bound I was going to stay with it. I settled down to work, and to work hard. I rarely stopped. When the other students took time out from classes in still life or clay modeling or sketching for a coffee break or to gather in the

Stratford Festival Theatr

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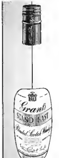

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SCOTCH WHISKY

corridors for a cigarette and a discussion of everything from whether there was a God to the importance of sex. I'd stay in the empty classroom struggling with my project. I'd decided there was a God long ago and my ideas on sex were so middle class that although no one knew it the first time in life class when I'd seen a model drop her robe everything inside me shrank. I just wanted to learn to make my pencil or brush do what I wanted it to do. I would still be trying when the class came trooping back. They'd look at me in disgust.

"Why don't you knock it off?" they'd say. "You're not going to paint a masterpiece, you know."

I was known as a scrub. I was also a square. I did what the teacher told me, took my work seriously and wanted to succeed. We had appreciation lectures once a week at the Art Gallery or the Royal Ontario Museum and the more we delved into the history of art the more I realized that it was the part of my background that was missing, and the more eager I was to learn. One term we were given a project of doing a thesis on a particular artist and his era which we were to have in by the end of the term. I chose the water-color school of England and turned it in by the allotted time. I was the only one in the class to get it done.

When the teacher made the announcement, one of the girls near me leaned over and said, "What are you trying to do—get us all in wrong?"

There were murmurs of "Sissy!" and "Teacher's pet!" followed by a chorus of giggles. There's no teacher's pet like an old teacher's pet. To make it worse the teacher insisted on reading my essay aloud, I presume as a lesson in industry, scholarship and good citizenship, which gave me the kiss of death from the kids. While my essay was being read they drummed on their desks, heaved sighs, twitched and fidgeted.

I even dressed like a square. The keynote of fashion in my school set was a general Bohemian rebellion, which expressed itself in disreputable slacks, dangling hair, ragged smocks and a general look of lean disregard for creature comforts and conformity. I couldn't break the habits of a thrifty housewife so easily. I came to school well fed, scrubbed, with my hair washed, shampooed and combed. After years of shopping for a family it was second nature to me to see that I had all the things I needed. I carried a full supply of oil, turpentine, brushes, paper, erasers, paints, paint cloths and everything but an emergency sewing kit. I was disgustingly bourgeois, and the only thing the kids approved of was my stock of supplies. They always came to me when they were short of something. It was my one claim to popularity and lasted until I had no more materials left to lend around the class.

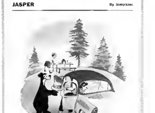
Storm over a still life

Underlying all my troubles, of course, was my age. I didn't feel old. But the youngsters felt that I belonged to the enemy camp—the adult camp. I made it worse by becoming so self-conscious that I withdrew to myself, which, to them, just made me appear aloof and critical, and the relationship became more strained.

If I took a stand on anything, I wasn't stating my case, I was being bossy. I got a lesson in this one morning when I was given the assignment of setting up a still-life group. Our mornings were spent painting from still life, mostly in oils but sometimes in water colors. We'd sit around in a semicircle, four or five students deep, working from a group set up at the front of the class. This time I arranged what I thought was a satisfactory group, using a ballet slipper, some drapery, a goose feather and a fan. I'd hardly got back to my chair when the murmurs started. There were snorts and gasps of exasperation. Indignant voices came from all sides of me.

"It stinks!"

JASPER By Simpkins



"Here, Edgar, put the cake on the table."

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"That isn't a composition. It's a window display."

"It's purely mechanical."

"There's nothing there to paint."

An enigmatic blonde whom I'd named to myself The Mysterious One just said "I'm going to another room," and left.

I started to defend my arrangement. I pointed out that it had line and tension and rhythm, that one mass balanced the other. The students made sounds that added up to "Get *her*!"

I turned red and stopped talking. A few days later I looked in the school magazine and saw a cartoon showing the rear elevation of a hefty woman sitting on a donkey. It was unmistakably me as young people saw me: humpty backed, broad beamed, bossy and hard at work. It was the last time I took a stand. From then on I kept to myself. I became so withdrawn that if we had been rated on report cards I'd have got a "D" for adjustment.

I was going to school five and a half days and three nights a week. I went from nine to four Monday to Friday. On Saturday morning we had a composition class with a project each week that had to be done at home and presented to the teacher the following Saturday. Three nights a week we had life drawing. By my second year I was also doing life painting and studying techniques and anatomy. I was working harder and with greater concentration than at any time of my life.

I'd get on the bus with my drawing board so tired and so involved in a project that one time I rode right to North Toronto, sitting beside a woman I'd known well for twenty years, without realizing it. She was a good friend and left me to my thoughts. When she got off she touched me on the arm and said, "Aren't you even going to say good-by to me?"

A square sinner

On an average day I'd get up at six thirty, get through my daily ablutions, go downstairs and make breakfast for my husband Gordon and my son Lewis, who was now in his second year at the University of Toronto. (Victor was graduated and off to the north country to follow the career he had chosen—forestry.) I would tidy up, pile the dishes, make the beds, take a quick run through the house and be on the school bus by eight thirty. After that first morning of thinking it would be a piquant experience to go to school with my children I saw to it that I never got on the same bus again with Lewis and his friends.

I ate lunch either at the college cafeteria or in a restaurant, sometimes in one of the small restaurants on Spadina Avenue. I'd leave the college at four-thirty, take the bus home, lie down for half an hour and start to prepare dinner. I usually did the shopping Saturday afternoon from a list I'd made up at school on the side of my drawing board.

It was a busy life—so busy, in fact, that at least one neighbor decided it couldn't be done, and began wondering just what I was doing during the day. Was I really going to the College of Art? For a while I was probably the only person in the city with a reputation at the same time of being a square and leading a life of sin.

Another pattern the conversation often took when I'd meet people I hadn't seen for a long time went:

"What are you doing now, Florence? I haven't seen you for a long time."

"I'm going to school."

"To *school!*" They'd give me a puzzled smile.

"Yes, to school. I'm studying art."

"Well, isn't that *interesting*." There'd be a long pause. Then they'd add, "How are Gordon and the boys?"

Their tone would imply, "*When* you get time to think of them between gallivanting around."

But my reputation at school was improving. When I had come back for my second year I had been happily surprised to find that some of my fellow students actually seemed glad to see me. I think part of the reason was that they realized that I was going to go the course. A more important reason was that we were beginning to understand one another. I was beginning to realize that if I hadn't been so concerned about my own troubles of being middle-aged, I'd have had time to realize that they were as self-conscious about their own position of being young as I was of being old.

I think the final turning point came one day when we were at a museum class. We were in the Chinese section. One dour grey-haired museum guard kept staring at me as if I had no right at my time of life to be playing Bohemian and that it was about time I settled down and raised a family. He got me so nervous that I became conscious of the crumbs from my art gum falling on the floor. I got up and went to the washroom and came back with a sheet of paper towel to catch the crumbs. It was all the guard needed. He came up to me and said, "Don't you ever let me catch you taking museum towels again. This museum is run on a budget, you know."

There was complete silence as he stalked off. I sat there blushing and feeling like crawling behind one of the displays. But the change in my relationship with the students gave me a new assurance. Finally I pronounced aloud, "If that old goat ever talks to me like that again, I'll dump all my paint water in one of his Ming vases."

There was a chorus of delighted approval. It did more to make me one of the class than any single incident to date. There was a different climate.

While my relationship with the students was improving, the daily schedule of classes in painting and drawing that I had put in since making my first self-conscious efforts were beginning to show results. By the time I was nearing my third year I was beginning to break through my shell in self-expression. I was enjoying many stimulating talks with the teachers and when I joined a group of students in the cafeteria my contributions to the conversation were now received objectively, with no special hidden meanings attached to them because of my age.

Besides the personal psychological changes that my art studies were beginning to effect in me, they were pushing back my horizons in terms of actual experience. I was meeting a great variety of people, coming in contact with an entirely different world than I had known. I went with my class to New York to study the paintings in the Museum of Modern Art and I had the unique experience for a woman my age of seeing New York as a student.

As we neared the end of the course my acceptance by the students was so general that I was being included on murmured plans about a Big Evening. It still seemed a long way off and I said, "Sure. I'll be glad to come," omitting to say that I'd never been in a cocktail lounge in my life. When the big evening arrived and a group of us gathered, I listened to the orders being placed and when my turn came said, "Molson's, please. Blue Label."

Up until then I had a hazy idea that we'd all have a beer and go home. By the time I realized everybody was buying a round I also realized that I just had two dollars in my purse and had already had enough beer to last me for the next year. It was terribly embarrassing to me. But by that time nobody was taking any notice of my blushes and one of the students was sentimentally psychoanalyzing me. His conclusion was that I had joined the Ontario College of Art because I wanted to be a good mother—something I've been trying to figure out ever since.

One afternoon a week later I was getting dressed for the graduation exercises to be held in the art gallery. I had followed the recommendation that all the women wear dark skirt and light blouse, in spite of it being a most unbecoming outfit for me because of my contour and size. When I arrived at the gallery I found that there were garden-party dresses, black silk suits, hats, gloves and even one blazer. Only one other girl wore a white blouse and black skirt. I was a square to the end.

We sat in reserved seats at the front of the art gallery auditorium. When my turn came to go up to receive my diploma I heard in a daze Fred Haines say, "Congratulations. I hope you've enjoyed your years with us."

I answered "I have," and I meant it with all my heart.

I was handed a parchment diploma stating that I'd passed the requirements of the Ontario College of Art with first class honors and was now entitled to be an associate of the department of drawing and painting.

That fall I began teaching an adult class in art at Lawrence Park Collegiate two nights a week. I also arranged to take a group of personal friends on outdoor painting classes; at their request I taught a night class for the Confederation Life Association Staff Crafts and Hobby Group. But more important I continued to paint myself, and still do. In fact I even sell one once in a while.

The other day an old friend of mine stopped me on the street and during the conversation we got around to the fact that I painted. She made a remark that I have heard, in one form or another, many times.

"What an interesting hobby," she said. "I imagine it is a wonderful way to help put in time."

I checked myself. I'm getting used to this attitude toward art—an interesting toy, something to dabble at when you're bored. What I wanted to tell her was that my art was one of the most important and basic things that happened to me in my life. I feel now that I couldn't live without it, and sometimes wonder how others can. It drew me out of my shyness, gave me a new courage with which to meet middle age.

It taught me too that creative people have great perception. The artist sees and knows life and people. Now when I see someone sketching with his back wedged into the corner of a building and see passers-by looking at him with the expression "Well, I guess we need all types, but I'm glad I'm normal," I know that they are the ones who are missing life, not the artist.

It's hard to explain why this is so. It took me three years to find out for myself. And it's one of the reasons why I wouldn't have missed going back to school at forty-two. ★

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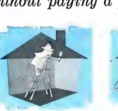
Your home is probably the most important single investment you'll ever make. So before you buy, look into the home as well as around it. Look for the long-term protection of your investment. Watch for quality construction features, the hidden assets.

LOOK FOR THE HIDDEN ASSETS

Check the construction of the home you plan to build or buy. Look for quality building materials that mean a lifetime of satisfaction. Check the interior and exterior wall construction, the flooring, the roof, the foundation.



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Look for smooth, strong walls and ceilings of gypsum for rooms of lasting beauty. Rooms that can be redecorated as often as you like. On the outside, too, check for roofing and siding that will keep their original appearance through the years.

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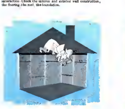

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Upkeep needn't be a crushing burden if your home is properly constructed. One important thing to look for in any home is a vapor barrier that helps prevent warping, rotting and paint peeling caused by moisture collecting inside the walls.

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It is an established fact that homes built with quality materials have a much higher resale value than those built with inferior materials. A quality-built home—a home with Hidden Assets—is one of the soundest investments you can make.

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Barrington Street continued from page 18

"Suddenly you realize that Barrington and its side streets are what make Halifax tick over"

Spring Garden Road motor shopping centres are springing up in the outskirts.

Meanwhile Barrington hustles along as best it can. It has certain advantages that nothing can take away: the chief merchant shipping docks and the railway station lie at its south end; to the north it has the navy yard, the shipyards and Stadacona naval barracks, a small city in themselves. Right in the middle are Barrington's theatres, restaurants, shops and offices. Grand Parade makes the centrepiece, with City Hall at one end and St. Paul's church just beyond the other. Every day at sharp noon the time gun on Citadel Hill sounds its thunder clap over the Barrington roofs as it has for generations; the shops and offices let forth a swarm of hungry humans heading for the restaurants, and suddenly you realize that Barrington and its side streets are what make this city tick.

At night it's another story. Halifax has no legitimate theatre. Touring theatrical companies have to put on their shows in a high-school auditorium far across the Common. Barrington Street has the largest and best movie houses but there are no night clubs or cabarets. Ten minutes after the last movie shows play God Save the Queen the street is as dead as Hamlet's father. It wasn't always so. Years ago Barrington Street was the night time haunt of Halifax playboys in and out of uniform and a parade for ladies of the demi monde in a variety not to be seen anywhere else east of Montreal. Something of the sort sprang up again during World War II, but it perished quickly afterwards. Old rounders agree that the automobile really killed Barrington's night life in the 1920s when dance-and-dine roadhouses began to appear outside the city and the gay blades took the ancient advice of Horace Greeley and followed the sunset westward.

When I was a boy in Halifax the old main stem had four different names, in fact it was four different streets. They happened to connect with each other by odd zigs and zags, a common feature of Halifax geography, and from south to north they were known as Pleasant Street, Barrington Street, Lockman Street and Campbell Road. After World War I the city fathers called the whole meandering thoroughfare Barrington. And Barrington wandered on after World War II when the name took in the road around Bedford Basin to Fairview. Even Haligonians used to their higgledy-piggledy streets find this a bit confusing. Ask anyone exactly where Barrington begins and ends. Ten to one you'll get a shrug or a wrong answer.

The confusion really began back in 1749 when Colonel Edward Cornwallis brought a rabble of grumbling cockneys straight from London to a wild fjord known to the local savages as Chebucto — "The Big Harbor." The idea was to set up a rival British base to the French base at Louisburg; ultimately it was to be a springboard for the conquest of Canada. So Halifax was a fiat city that sprang full panoplied from Britain's brow. The original town plan was sketched on a London drafting board when the actual site was still a pine ridge and a swamp in the Nova Scotian bush.

On arrival Cornwallis had his surveyor lay off a small grid of streets and cross lanes on the harbor slope of the ridge and set his cockneys to work hacking

"Let's make a mad dash for the car!"

Recipe for a successful evening

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On December 6th, 1957 a senior officer of the Royal Bank had flown in to open the first branch of any bank at Frobisher. Since that time we have been providing daily banking service for Noah and the people who are building a new Arctic city at this half-way mark on the great transpolar air route.

A bank, of course, is something quite new in Noah's young life. But he's becoming accustomed to change, and will witness many other exciting developments in his "home town." Soon six major airlines are expected to be routing air cruisers through Frobisher, creating jobs and fresh opportunities for Noah and his friends in Canada's new North.

Noah meets "Royal" Manager ▶
Noah is saying "welcome" to Stan Hughes, recently appointed manager of our Frobisher Bay Branch. The "Royal" was the first bank to open a branch at Frobisher Bay in Canada's Arctic Islands.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Canada's largest bank,
growing with a growing country

down the pines that covered the whole scene. The middle street along the slope was tagged Barrington—nobody knows why. The other streets in the original layout were named obviously for members of the current British cabinet or their relatives and friends, with George, Prince and Duke streets taking care of the blue blood. The only Barrington evident in home circles at the time was William Wildman Viscount Barrington of Ardglass in the Irish peerage. Eventually he became a Secretary of War, but in 1749 he was a nobody. Some say the street was meant to be named after the Earl of Harrington, Secretary of State, and by a quill driver's slip a B got into the act. Anyhow Barrington the street became. Sixteen years later the rude forefathers of the hamlet got tired of walking in the mud, planked one side walk all the way from Grand Parade to the south end, and for the next fifty years called this splintery promenade The Mall, just to add to the confusion.

At first Barrington Street was just a trail leading to the graveyard outside the town stockade. Death was busy in those early days what with typhus and smallpox (not to mention Indian raids) and daily funeral parties beat a muddy track through the south gate to the palisades at what is now the junction of Barrington and Spring Garden Road. Gradually the track reached past the tombstones and went on through the shore woods to Point Pleasant. Indians still skulked among the trees, but for their health the citizens needed a change of view and fresh air once a week, and each summer for several years there was a Sunday afternoon parade of men, women and children, togged out in their best, marching as far as Fresh Water River and back again, under the guard of armed redcoats and paced by fife and drum.

Alas the Kissing Bridge

This so-called river was a brook that flowed out of the swamp behind Citadel Hill, crossed the Barrington track in the woods toward Point Pleasant and splashed on into the harbor. Ships in the anchorage used to send boat parties to fill their water casks just below the rustic bridge on "Pleasant Street." Wherever you find sailors you soon find girls, so it became a meeting place of the young and frivolous, known for years as the Kissing Bridge. The stream has disappeared since in a sewer under Barrington Street and the site of the Kissing Bridge is also a section of railway line.

In my own youth that end of Barrington was still called Pleasant Street, a quiet quarter of the well-to-do with worn and bumpy red-brick sidewalks, cobbled gutters, and rows of tall narrow houses in the Georgian and early Victorian style. It ran all the way to Point Pleasant Park, with fine views of the harbor in the part we called Greenbank. Here the Halifax Brahmins flourished in all their glory, a well-nourished caste cultured in a starchy Victorian fashion, proud of their ancestry (many had British army or naval officers hanging like ripe fruit in their family trees), often with titled connections, and rather smug about it. All this stolid contentment was shattered in 1913 when out of a blue sky Ottawa decided to make Halifax a national port. That meant large and extensive modern docks and piers, and the chosen site was Greenbank. Much of Pleasant Street was demolished to make way for railway sidings leading to the docks, and an army of roughnecks dynamited and steam-shoveled a deep canyon through the slate bedrock of the South End to bring the rail line in from Fairview. The Brahmins fled away towards the still peaceful waters of Northwest Arm. They were never the same again. Nor was Pleasant Street, an amputated stub doomed to lose its very name and to become the first half mile of Barrington. The intrusion of the railway yards cut off the clubhouse of the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron and left it on the tag end of the street, in the edge of the Point Pleasant woods. To reach it from Barrington nowadays you must travel three long sides of a square by way of the overhead pass at Young Avenue. But Haligonians are a stubborn folk. After forty years the yachtsmen still give their address as Barrington Street in the phone book.

When you come to Halifax by train you roll across the south end of Barrington (where the Kissing Bridge used to be) and at once you're in the rumbling cavern of the station. Just outside, facing Barrington Street, is the Nova Scotian Hotel. If you get a room looking on the harbor you can watch the shipping moving in and out, and at night the lighthouse on George's Island regards you with a benevolent green eye. On the Dartmouth side of the harbor, where the Imperial Oil refinery spreads its pipes and stacks and tanks over the slope, you see after dark the yellow flame of the waste gas pipe tall in the night, flickering like a huge torch and lighting up the whole anchorage. Seen through a copper window screen in the hotel at night the flame shines a cruciform like the Star of Bethlehem on a Christmas card, and airmen at the Shearwater Naval Air Station find it very useful in thick weather when the fog hangs low.

All sorts of people have been entertained at the Nova Scotian, from actual royalty (King George VI and his Queen) to Legs Diamond, famous king of the New York underworld in the wild and woozy days of Prohibition, and his current moll, a Halifax blonde who had made her way into the chorus of Ziegfeld's Follies. During the last war the Nova Scotian was the place to dine and dance—I wonder how many wartime romances started there? — and from its harborside windows you could watch the long convoys moving stolidly out or thankfully in from the Atlantic, and often you could hear the sound of gun fire and the *whoomp* of depth charges from the harbor mouth. The Nova Scotian has a bit of park before it, a little island of greensward and shrubs, and there in bronze, life size, stands the Honorable Edward Cornwallis, founder of the city. This able but hot-tempered Englishman stayed just long enough to see his cockneys housed and settled, and today he stands on his pedestal gazing out to sea, with his back to the whole thing. He was glad to leave Halifax although it was the only enduring thing he ever made or did. The rest of his career was a disaster.

On the other side of Barrington, past the bronze governor and his shrubbery, stands a large square building of terra-cotta-colored brick, built by the Navy League many years ago. During the late war it became headquarters of the combined naval and air staffs guarding the seaways out of Halifax. Here was (and is) the famous Operations Room which governed the long battle with the U-boats in the Western Atlantic and still plays the same role in the cold war of the present time. Officially it is headquarters of Maritime Air Command, which directs all RCAF practice in the shape of convoy escort and anti-submarine warfare combining with the Navy in these matters—a full-blown operation in these times. The officer commanding here comes un

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Thrilling gift for WEDDINGS • GRADUATIONS • BIRTHDAYS • FATHER'S DAY

der *Saclant* (Supreme Allied Commander Atlantic, at present an American admiral) to the NATO scheme, and the vigilance is round-the-clock. If trouble—fighting trouble—ever starts, Halifax will be one of the prime targets. No one in this quiet-looking building on Barrington ever forgets it.

A few hundred yards up Barrington, on the other side, you come to quite another headquarters and a remarkably different flag—the Flying Angel of the Anglican Missions to Seamen. And you meet a remarkable man, the Reverend H. J. Williams, a brisk and stocky Welshman who has served the Flying Angel in many parts of the world—all the way from Belgium to Australia. The Halifax roost of the Angel is one of the old Brahmin mansions typical of this part of Barrington Street, tall and narrow, with steps rising eight or ten feet to the front door, with red brick walls, high-ceilinged rooms and the inevitable bay windows. The padre shows you with pride his little chapel in the former dining room, complete with altar and crucifix and a few rows of plywood chairs; and then the games room, the library and the social room with its polished floor for dancing—this in what used to be the mansion's stable. Dancing partners for the Mission's seamen are no problem: the Y W C A is right next door and the girls come well chaperoned.

"Sailors," observes the padre, "aren't what they used to be. The pay, the food and quarters aboard ship today compare favorably with anything ashore, and the life attracts a steadier class of men. Of course we get exceptions." And presto! in comes an exception with a rolling gait and a somewhat foggy eye, demanding money which he has left in the padre's charge. The padre goes to the money box, unlocks it, passes over the requested sum and takes a receipt. No protest, no sermon, just a sigh and a whimsical "There goes another sixty dollars to the tavern keepers." But in general the padre's word is true. The merchant sailor isn't what he used to be. Thousands of seamen use the mission facilities every year, and in the winter season, when the St. Lawrence is frozen and Halifax takes the bulk of Canada's sea traffic, the place is always jammed.

Then there's a startling wooden ark painted a glaring blood red and used as an officers' mess by the city militia. In my childhood this was the Ladies' College, a chaste white building where the daughters of the genteel learned everything from water colors to the pianoforte. In that age even small boys were practically shackled to a piano for an hour's practice every day, and my own music teacher used to hold annual recitals in the auditorium of the Ladies' College—a horrid experience for me and the rest of her half dozen male pupils, if not for her thirty-odd smug little girls. I still have a reminiscent shiver when I pass the place. (I sometimes think it was those piano ordeals that drove me off to sea.)

Then you come to Government House, the fine old Georgian residence for Nova Scotia's lieutenant-governors, built in the time of Sir John and Lady Frances Wentworth. She was a minx and a schemer—a colonial Becky Sharp. Among other adventures she had a love affair with Prince William (later King William IV) when he was a rip-roaring young naval captain on the North American station. Her antics scandalized all Halifax, but Fanny parlayed a smile, figure, into a governor's job and a title for her accommodating husband, and eventually for herself a sinecure across the sea as lady-in-waiting to the Queen.

One gorgeous spree

Across the street is the old town cemetery with its stone lion high on the brown stone arch—a monument to Nova Scotians who died in the Crimean War. Among the more ancient tombstones in this patch of green you'll find a slab on pedestals covering the grave of General Robert Ross, the man who captured and burnt Washington (and died in an attack on Baltimore) in the War of 1812. The fleet brought his corpse back to Halifax, preserved in a cask of rum, and buried it with elaborate honors here. In the riots of V-day 1945, when thirsty tars broke into various Halifax liquor stores, one canny man hid his loot under General Ross's tombstone and drew it forth bottle by bottle as required—a new slant on the good old Navy custom of "tapping the admiral."

Barrington Street took a bad beating in those riots. Almost every shop window from the Dockyard to Government House was smashed and most of the shops were looted. Naval personnel bored with Halifax and the war worked off their *ennui* in one gorgeous spree, aided and abetted by merchant seamen of twenty nationalities and by a swarm of civilian males and females of the light-fingered class.

The city and service police were helpless and for twenty-four hours the city was a hoodlum's paradise. Barrington's open places—the Grand Parade, the old town cemetery, the patch of park before the Nova Scotian Hotel—all were the scenes of a fantastic broad-daylight debauch like something staged by Cecil B. De Mille but with a script by Rabelais. At one stage a bibulous tart stood on the steps of St. Paul's, hailed the attention of some sailors to a smart women's-wear shop across the street, and cried out, "Boys, I want a bathing suit." The boys promptly smashed into the shop and brought her half a dozen "to try for size." She did, too, there on the church steps while the mob cheered.

Saint Paul's lost none of its ancient dignity. The old wooden church (its timbers came from Boston when the town was founded more than two hundred years ago) has seen many odd things in its time: a congregation of savages chanting in the Micmac tongue; regiments of stiff blue-coated Hessians, each with his pigtail done up in an eelskin, marching to hear a German sermon; a succession of famous worshippers from James Wolfe to Ralph Connor (who raised some old-fashioned Anglican eyebrows by wearing the kilts in the pulpit); and never forgetting Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, commander of the garrison for six years during the Napoleonic Wars, and his charming little French-Canadian mistress Julie, who called herself Alphonsine Thérèse Bernadine Julie de Montgenet de Saint Laurent. When you step inside St. Paul's you find a curiously quiet retreat across the road from some of the main shops. My father used to take me there as a boy and from time to time I look in to recapture the old memories and to glance at his name on the bronze memorial to the dead of World War I.

A few steps away is the Grand Parade, where in the days of an imperial garrison whole regiments of redcoats used to assemble with their bands for a ceremonial changing of the guard. Nowadays when the Canadian Black Watch are in their Nova Scotia quarters, they send their pipes and drums to play every summer day in the Grand Parade in full fig—plumed black busbies, red coats, kilts, sporrans, diced stockings. They draw a crowd always and sometimes you see Mayor Leonard Kitz slipping out of his office in City Hall to stand and enjoy the pibroch at close range.

In summer '56 when the Black Watch were away for a time on divisional manoeuvres Halifax had its bagpipe music just the same. It came from one small girl, Deanie Munroe, fourteen years old, wearing full Highland costume with the soft blue-white-and-green Nova Scotia tartan. Each morning from ten to the crack of the Citadel's noon gun and each afternoon from two to four Deanie walked slowly up and down the plinth of the War Memorial in Grand Parade playing everything from The Barren Rocks of Aden to The Road to the Isles. Not one in twenty Haligonians has a drop of Highland blood but all Nova Scotians have a built-in passion for the pipes. And Deanie was charming in herself. There were times when you could hardly hear the notes of her chanter for clicking of the cameras.

Years ago someone gave me a tartan tie—I think it was the Royal Stewart—and I was wearing it one day on Barrington Street when I met the late Premier Angus L. Macdonald. "So you're a Scot too," he said. "You never told me."

I was honest about it. I said, "Mr. Premier, I'm sailing under false colors. My blood is pure Sassenach. My father was a Cornishman and my mother came from Kent."

Angus considered this gravely for a moment. "Well," he said judiciously, "if your father was a Cornishman your blood is half Celtic. That's nothing small, my friend. It makes you a half brother to any of the Gaels." And after further consideration he declared grandly, "Tom, you have my permission to wear any tartan you like—even the *Macdonald*!" In

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my Barrington Street memories I like that one best.

I first knew the street forty-odd years ago as a small boy when it was a dirty thoroughfare paved only in the street-car tracks, muddy in spring and fall, with the sea winds blowing clouds of dust along it in the summertime. I came to see Barrington's glamour later as a young seaman when, with my cap cocked on the hairs, I strolled the sidewalks with what I hoped was a devastating eye on the girls. In those days the old street to me was Piccadilly and Broadway rolled into one—and I'd seen the others, mind. And Barrington really had color in those days. Color and noise—the old yellow tram cars had square wheels according to popular belief and it seems to me people laughed and yelled and had a lot more fun than they do nowadays when electric trolley coaches whisper along on rubber tires and everybody speaks in hushed tones as if someone or something important were dead.

Just the same I like Barrington still. I get a kick out of the Runyonesque characters you meet there. People like The Admiral, alias Joe O'Brien, who always wears a gold-braided yachting cap but actually worships horses and spends half his time following the gee-gees about the tracks of the Maritime provinces. And Blind Dickshire who sits against a building with his tin cup and his three shop-worn pencils day after day near the busy corner of Sackville. And Johnnie Gorman, the crippled magazine vendor who considers the baseball man's finest invention and makes a pilgrimage—and damn the cost—to the World Series every year. And the little old pixie who bobs up among the gravestones when you step inside the old town cemetery—he's there to mow the grass of course, but he knows who's in every grave and talks about them as if they were old friends.

And the ghosts. I miss old Wallace MacAskill, best of sailors and finest of marine photographers, a true poet of the camera, pottering about his little shop up a dark flight of stairs—though the shop is still there and you can still buy his pictures. I can see the ghosts of Len Arker and Owen Trider, sportsmen and gamblers born, who used to meet daily on Barrington Street, walk to the corner of Buckingham (where the old electric trams used to bounce and clatter from four directions) and bet a hundred dollars on the number of the next car to heave in sight, odd or even. And Roy Mitchell, the Negro heavyweight, a beautifully built fighter and a good one who went blind, got religion and used to preach to Barrington's passing throng from the entrance to Grand Parade.

There's never anything dull about Barrington if you keep your eyes and ears open and take your time. And don't forget your nose. There are interesting smells on Barrington: the rich blast of malt from the tavern door, whiffs of hot loaf, of pastry, of cake and pies, and the precious expensive scent that goes with the silver and diamonds in jewelry shops, the smell of wet grass after rain in the old town burial ground (God bless General Ross and the heroes of Sebastopol). The gamy smell of the old seedy characters who inhabit the benches under the elms of Grand Parade, the sweeter sachet of chocolate from Moir's factory just above, the dry smell of paper and old varnish that drifts out of a hundred offices, the dim religious smell of Saint Paul's, and of Saint Mary's just above Barrington on Spring Garden Road, where my father (a stern Protestant) loved to come and hear the Catholic choir. The masculine tang of the tobacco shops and the men's wear shops, including the wet-dog reek of Hebridean tweeds which are so popular in these parts, the old stink of Imperoyal when the wind's that way, and always and everywhere the smell of salt and kelp drifting up the side streets from the docks—Barrington couldn't live without that, nor could Halifax, the city's motto says so.

But you need a bit of second sight, a touch of the eerie, if you want the full smack of the street, for Barrington is haunted by the long procession of the past. This is where they come, the sweating cockneys hacking down the pines and finding the skeletons of D'Anville's men, the pigtailed sailors from the ships, the drunken Indians and stout squaws, the blue-clad Hessians and buckskinned rangers, the press gangs armed with clubs and cutlasses, the redcoats who fought at Bunker Hill, the wild black Maroons from the hills of Jamaica, the tough Bluenose privateersmen fresh from battle on the Spanish Main, the lads of Ross who captured Washington and burned the White House in revenge for Toronto in the War of 1812. This is where they still walk, the ghosts of Boscawen and Wolfe and Jeffrey Amherst, Rogers of the Rangers, General Howe and his fancy woman Mrs. Loring, John Moore who died at Corunna, Hardy who kissed a Halifax bride in his arms not long after Nelson died in those same arms off Trafalgar, Charles Dickens, Joe Howe, D'Arcy McGee, Tom Moore the Irish poet, Captain Marryat, Leon Trotsky and the rest—there's no end to 'em — including five princes who became kings of England and one who became king of France.

This is the place. Right here. You can't escape them—not on Barrington. ★

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Grassi Place continued from page 25

"The real test of worldliness was to get out a cussword without removing your cigarette"

After all I couldn't see into all the houses, but if people were leading secret lives behind closed doors they must have had to work fast, because the door-to-door peddlers on Grassi Place wouldn't have given anyone time for a full-blown bit of sin between peals of the bells. Grassi Place was a regular Indian trail for peddlers. You don't see them like that any more. They're all on TV now, I imagine. But in those days they were hard-working men with cold noses and no nonsense about them and they conned the housewives from morning till night, selling encyclopedias, soap, brushes, medicine. Soap and strawberries. They'd give the bell a twist that would make you leave your seat.

My mother couldn't resist them. She was a tiny woman who got a lot more fun out of life in her own modest way than most people today seem to get from their two-car garages and revolving aerials. She really listened to people, her face taking on a wide variety of sympathetic expressions. When she listened to a peddler she hung on every word, drew in her chin and looked sideways at him, went "Tsk! Tsk!" and said, "My grief!" at just the right time. Everybody tried to stop her buying things, including my father, but she'd come in with something like a liver regulator and say "He spoke so highly of it."

My father would say "Confound it, if it was as good as all that why the Sam Hill didn't those big outfits like Parke Davis sell it?"

This was the kind of language, by the way, I had to listen to all the time when I was a boy. Those words Grace Metalious uses were known around Grassi Place but as far as I know they were used only in contests among the boys when we were baking potatoes over a fire up the Don Valley. We would see who could come out with them in the most offhand, familiar way, preferably without removing willow-leaf cigarettes from our lips. The real test of worldliness was to come out with one of these words making your cigarette juggle horribly and spilling between your teeth, all at the same time.

But in family life such expressions as "Confound it!" seemed to serve all purposes. I've seen my father working at a broken screen door, pulling a nail out or something, drop his hammer, bark his knuckles and fall halfway into the kitchen, explode with a "Pshaw!" and take a stroll down among his asters to pull himself together. I did have an uncle who filled a shiny blue suit as if it were blown up with a bicycle pump, who used to say "Damn" frequently in front of my aunts. One of them, a plump little woman in black, would say "Davie, why don't you just say 'Corks and bottles!'"

"Damn corks and bottles!" he'd say with a red face, eating vanilla ice cream of which he was inordinately fond. As long as I knew him my uncle was hooked on vanilla ice cream.

There were girls on Grassi Place, of course. But there again my expose falls flat. Not that we boys didn't have the same general ideas about girls as the boys in Peyton Place, but somehow they never seemed to reach the point worthy of a three-hundred-and-seventy-five-page book. In the spring we would try to pick up girls in a restaurant or an ice-cream parlor with what we called "a line." The idea was to keep talking rapidly and as if it came naturally to you, saying things like "Does your mother know you smoke?" or "What are you going to do when winter comes?" which we'd

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keep up with a sort of blasé deadpan look. All this time the girls would be sitting there looking at us as if we'd gone crazy. Finally one of them would say something like "Why don't you pull your socks up?" and we'd all sit there as if we'd been stabbed. We'd all wander around Grassi Place after that trying to look as if we'd forgotten the whole thing, but soon after that we'd go home and start looking for things to sell.

For when the first disturbing signs of spring came to Grassi Place it not only made us think of girls but for some reason started us all thinking of making money. It was a bad time for the peddlers. We'd try to sell them mattresses and Coke bottles and old suits as fast as they tried to sell us college courses and complete sets of books on Great Circle Navigation. This brisk business would reach a dangerous point when we'd start looking longingly at our fathers' suits hanging in the clothes closets.

One dealer we all used to wait for was a chunky little man in a peak cap and horn-rimmed glasses who used to use a technique that was sort of a TV announcer's style in reverse. He'd make the merchandise look as bad as possible. He'd take the suit we were trying to sell, accidentally drop it on the veranda, reach down and pick it up by hooking one finger through a hole in the lining and hold it in front of us like something that should be sprayed.

"Look, I'll make you a deal," he'd say.

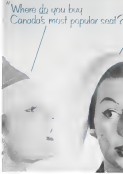
"What?"

"I'll buy you a cigar if you don't sell it to me."

The fact is the people around Grassi Place just didn't have time to do all the things they are always doing in today's books by authors who dedicate their work "To Mother" and then go into a busy day's biological functions. Mind you, I don't say these things didn't go on. But the truth is a quantitative matter, and although it's true that I couldn't know of everything that went on, it's equally true that I could keep track of time. Even if Mr. Kirk, say, spent every free moment running women, he simply couldn't have spent a quarter of the time at it that he did whisking hats and plotting against the TTC. Even if, by a stretch of the imagination, my father started to swear the minute he went to work and kept it up till he came home, the fact remains that for at least sixteen hours a day he never said anything more lurid than "Pshaw!"

There was one man who just might have had a sinister secret life, a tall man with big bloodshot eyes and buck teeth who walked past our house twice a day for ten years in a trench coat without looking right or left. Nobody knew who he was or where he lived. "Somewhere at the top of the street," we'd say. Occasionally when I go back to Grassi Place I still see him, grey now and a bit stooped. He might just conceivably be living in the depths of depravity, but he at least tucks up his opium pipe in time to go to work every day, and I have a suspicion that if I could look into his life I'd find nothing more shocking than a habit of looking at the last page of a mystery story or sneaking spoonfuls of pure peanut butter in the middle of a diet and smoothing over the rest of the peanut butter in the jar. Which after all doesn't measure up to the way February arrived at Grassi Place like a wanton woman.

In fact, about the only thing February did when she arrived at Grassi Place was catch a few colds and slink off to make for spring. ★



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Johnny Longden tells his own story

continued from page 21

"All Count Fleet wanted to do was run. He'd go right over a horse rether than go around him"

just as sure as I'm sitting right here."

We finished second that day, but it turned out that I knew what I was talking about.

Still, Count Fleet remained quite a problem as a two-year-old. All he wanted to do was run, and it didn't make any difference to him in what direction. I knew one thing: on the day he was running I didn't ever have to reduce to ride him, because I couldn't sleep the night before for wondering what he'd think of next. We didn't know which way he'd go—he was green, you see, and full of spirit. He'd run over horses, climb right up their backs rather than go around them if he decided that's where he wanted to go.

But I persevered with him. I'd talk to him. I'd say "Come on, boy" or "Let's go, Count" or something like that to make him familiar with my voice. Eventually he got to know me. He wouldn't let anybody else on his back, and it got so that I could do anything with him, mostly by talking to him and never ignoring him when I walked by his stall. I'd say, "Hullo, you crazy colt," in a soft voice as he stood with his head poked out from the stall. I'd rub his nose and stroke his big brown head.

Love at first gallop

It was out in Chicago that year that the Count displayed his chivalry. We were in a juvenile stakes in which there was a two-year-old filly named Askmenow, and I guess my boy Count Fleet took her name literally. I had him well back in the pack and then I began to move with him with about half a mile to go. He picked up speed nicely and was moving up on the leaders when suddenly he came upon Askmenow skipping along in third place.

Do you think he'd go past that filly? No sir. He came right up alongside and stayed there. Askmenow's jock looked across at me and snarled, "Get him offa me!"

"I'm tryin' to get him offa you," I shouted back. "He won't come off."

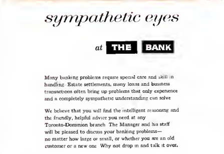
He wouldn't either. He just stayed nuzzled there, refusing to leave even after we'd gone under the wire—in third and fourth positions, I might add—and when we'd jogged around to the back stretch I had to jump down and haul him away from that filly.

Back at Belmont the Count set a world's record for a mile for two-year-olds by winning the Champagne Stakes in one minute thirty-four and four fifths seconds, and then we shipped down to Baltimore for the Pimlico Futurity, a $25,000 stakes at a mile and a sixteenth. The two best other juveniles around that year were Occupation and Vincentive, and both were entered, so that the race stirred up quite a bit of interest.

My old friend George Woolf, with whom I grew up in southern Alberta, was aboard Occupation and he took command at the start. The Count went wide on the clubhouse turn, which he hadn't done for quite a spell, but I got him straightened out on the back stretch and through the last three furlongs we slowly took command. We went head and head for a few strides, but then Occupation began to give way, and Count Fleet became the year's best two-year-old.

In his six races as a three-year-old Count Fleet won on all kinds of track, fast and slow, wet and dry. He just loved to run. In the Wood Memorial the track was fast but the weather was cold and raw. The Count went to the post a 1 to 4 favorite and as he came out of the number four stall he ran into trouble. The horse in number two stall cannoned into Vincentive in number three, forcing Vincentive over on us.

We didn't know it at the time, but that start almost cost Count Fleet the Kentucky Derby. We got clear all right and won handily in a canter, but when he was roughhoused at the start the



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Count received a nasty cut on the left rear heel and pulled up bleeding.

I looked at that foot and I said "Well there goes the Derby."

Don Cameron, the trainer, went to work on it but then Count Fleet developed poisoning in the wound en route to Kentucky. Don worked with him for ten days—the Derby came up two weeks after the Wood Memorial—and finally we were able to work out a couple of days before the race. Sulfathiazole took care of the poisoning but I stayed with the Count the whole week before the Derby because my wife Hazel was expecting a baby and hadn't come to Louisville. In fact, our son Eric, who turned fifteen a few weeks ago, was born the following Saturday while the Count and I were winning the Preakness.

It's been mentioned earlier in this series that every race, whether it's for $100,000 at Santa Anita or $500 at Calgary's Victoria Park, is pretty much the same to me, that my whole thrill is just being up on a horse in a race. But I guess there is something different about the Kentucky Derby, probably because it's so highly publicized. It's one you sure want to win. I was a little worked up I must confess, but not Count Fleet. In the paddock before the race, with the crowd buzzing and an electric excitement filling the air, he just stood there still as a stone while Don Cameron saddled him. He was completely relaxed. The other horses must have felt the excitement because you could see their muscles quivering. Don lathered the Count's injured foot with sulpha and then smeared axle grease over the sulpha to keep dirt out of the cut and then we were on the track.

Calmest horse to the barn

The Count broke from the number five gate and I took him to the top after a horse called Gold Shower tried to vie with him for about a quarter of a mile. He just kept galloping along, not extending himself, and nobody came up to challenge us. We came off the last turn a length ahead of Blue Swords and headed down the famous home stretch with speed in reserve, pulling steadily away and winning by a good three lengths. People who'd bet that Count Fleet would win the Derby got $2.80 for a two-dollar ticket.

Back in the barn afterward he was still relaxed. It can be dangerous to go near a big bullish colt after a race. Most of them are tense and excited and wrought up after the concentrated strain and effort of a race and you can have a hand badly chewed if you're not careful. But I remember that Mrs. Hertz held out a couple of lumps of sugar to Count Fleet and he took them with his lips and didn't even get her fingers wet.

Then he saw Don Cameron, who usually gave him his sugar. Don apparently reasoned that there'd been enough sugar because he wasn't offering any. But when Count Fleet made up his mind to do something, as I've indicated, he just went right ahead and did it. He walked over to Don, waited for the sugar and when he didn't get it he gave Don a thumping push with his head and walked away.

In his next few races Count Fleet had even less trouble than he'd had in the Derby. He was a 1 to 7 favorite for the Preakness and he shot to the front like a skyrocket and drew farther and farther in front. He came swinging down the stretch with long hurtling effortless leaps and won by eight lengths. Wayne Wright, the jockey on the third last horse, New Moon, grumbled afterward "Dammit, I couldn't even see the race."

By the time we got to the Belmont Stakes, after winning the Withers, people were talking about no other horse. Count Fleet still had not been pressed so we still didn't know just what he *could* do flat out. I was convinced he could break every record in the book if a challenger would bring out his best.

Unfortunately, the Belmont Stakes on June 5 was not to be the day. The track was fast and the weather beautiful but we'd scared off competition by this time. Only two horses from a long list of eligibles, Fairy Manhurst and Deseronto, went to the post against the Count and he won the mile-and-a-half race by what the chart callers decided was twenty-five lengths, although it might even have been thirty. It was just no contest.

And though Count Fleet won as he pleased he didn't set a record. In the stretch he began to shorten his stride as though limping slightly and I suspected then that he'd kicked himself coming off the last turn. That must have been what happened because certainly no horse was close enough at any stage of the race to touch him.

Thus when Mr. Hertz decided to retire Count Fleet, there never again was an opportunity to see what he could do if he extended himself. It's my personal opinion that he could have beaten any horse that ever ran. He could do everything—come from behind or go right to the top or overcome a roughhousing—on any kind of a race track.

There have been other great horses in my time—Nashua and Swaps, for example, the glamour horses of recent years. There's really no way of telling but I think Count Fleet would have horrified both of them. Count Fleet could go the first eighth of a mile in under eleven seconds and the last eighth in less than twelve—in other words he had speed and stamina at both ends. I think if Nashua or Swaps or both tried to stay with the Count early in the race they'd have nothing left at the end. And if they laid back at the start it's my opinion he'd move so far in front they'd never catch him.

Whirlaway was another great horse. Whirlaway's mark of two minutes, one and two-fifths seconds is still the Kentucky Derby record. He was an exciting horse too, because he'd come from far back with a terrific burst in the stretch, lifting the crowds with that great dash in front of the grandstand. But personally I feel that was a fault. I feel he was what we call a one-run horse, meaning that if he made his run at the start he had nothing left at the finish. He wasn't versatile in the manner

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"Whirlaway went straight to the outside rail. By the time I'd straightened him out we'd lost"

Count Fleet was. Whirly had to come from away back, or not at all. Possibly this is drawing fine lines but when you're dealing with great horses the line must of necessity be fine.

I didn't ride Nashua, but I did ride both Swaps and Whirlaway. In fact Swaps provided me with a $9,040 cheque for less than two minutes' work one afternoon three years ago. This was in the Santa Anita Derby on Feb. 19. The added money for nomination and entry fees on top of the $100,000 put up by the Santa Anita management totaled $137,500. The winner's share was $90,400 and, as usually happens in stakes races, I received ten percent of the prize. My friend Willie Shoemaker usually rode Swaps for owner Rex Ellsworth, as he did later that year in winning the Kentucky Derby. But Willie had made a previous commitment to ride Blue Ruler as an entry with Eddie Arcaro on Jean's Joe in the Santa Anita race. So Mr. Ellsworth and his trainer Mesh Tenney hired me. Shoemaker's commitment cost him the nine thousand I won. He was third with Blue Ruler while Arcaro and I fought through the stretch side by side. Swaps and I earned him by a head.

Except for an incident involving trainer Ben Jones it's possible that I'd have ridden Whirlaway through his 1941 campaign, the year he won the Triple Crown under Arcaro. The summer before, when Whirly was a two-year-old, I was assigned by Jones to ride him in the Pimlico Futurity. It had rained most of the week so Ben and I walked the race course the morning of the Futurity and we discovered a puddle of water in the turn for home. Ben warned me to watch for that puddle.

But what he didn't tell me was that in his training Whirlaway had shown a tendency to run wide on the turns and that he had developed this characteristic alarmingly. As the race was run we were doing fine as we came to that turn for home, and I eased Whirly a little wide to avoid the puddle.

But instead of "easing" wide, Whirlaway went straight to the outside rail and by the time I'd got him straightened out we were beaten. In discussing the race with Whirlaway's owner, Warren Wright, Jones expressed dissatisfaction with Jockey Longden for letting the colt run wide. I never rode Whirly again. Arcaro was given the mount the following May in the Kentucky Derby and, wearing a special bit designed to curb his tendency to bear out, Whirly won.

In fact I rode for Calumet Farms only once more in all the subsequent years. That was the Golden Gate Handicap near San Francisco in 1953 when Jones asked me to ride a horse called Fleet Bud. We did pretty well too, to win the $25,000 stakes traveling a mile and three-sixteenths in one minute fifty-two and three fifths seconds, a world's record that still stands.

I have another world mark in the record books—a five and a half furlong sprint in which I rode *Porterhouse*, a horse something like Whirlaway in that he's got to come from away out of it. Well we came from away out of it last year at Hollywood Park. In fact Ray York, who finished fourth, made me chuckle in the jocks' room afterward.

"John," he said, walking up to me, "you went by me so fast I thought for a minute my horse had broken down."

Porterhouse was cut out to be a real good horse, but he was injured as a two-year-old. Now he's coming back. The last time I looked he'd won $400,000.

One of my all-time favorites is a horse called St. Vincent, an English-bred bought by George Gardiner of Toronto and the Alberta Ranches stable which is owned by my Calgary friends Max Bell, Frank McMahon and Wilder Ripley. My son Vance is the stable's trainer and I must say he did a fine job with St. Vincent, a rather small chestnut with some flaxen hair in his mane and tail. He won the $100,000 San Juan Capistrano handicap at Santa Anita in 1955 in a driving three-horse blanket finish with Determine, who'd won the Ken

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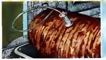

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lucky Derby in 1954 and a horse named Gigantic St. Vincent won that one pretty much on guts alone and I love a horse like that. We weighed him after the race and he was only 880 pounds, close to two hundred pounds lighter than most mature thoroughbreds. He looked like a little Indian pony but what determination he had. You ride something like that and it gives you a shiver up your back.

I think Alberta Ranches has a fine stallion in another imported horse called Indian Hemp. I remember a race at San Francisco's Tanforan track in 1953 when we had rough competition in the stretch from Willie Shoemaker on Stranglehold. Indian Hemp is an Irish bred with a lot of stubbornness. In that race Shoemaker seemed to anticipate me because when I moved with Indian Hemp he took out after me and went into the lead in the stretch. In fact Willie appeared to have the race won with the wire racing toward us but I guess I'd rated Indian Hemp just right. He still had something left when I asked him through my whip for a little bit more. We grabbed Stranglehold a couple of jumps from the finish and nipped him by a nose.

But really as I'm sure you've guessed there was only one horse for me—Count Fleet. I often wish we could have gone all out just once with him but as it is he's done all right. One of his sons, Count Turf, won the Kentucky Derby in 1951 and that same year his progeny won purses worth $1,160,847 to make him the year's leading sire. You can see him now if you'd like to, down at Stoner Creek Farm in Kentucky where he's still roaming the lush pastures, unquestionably doing what he wants to do most of the time. Count Fleet was always a horse with a mind of his own. He was a big rough fellow but he never caused me any real trouble. That was left to lesser horses, and in the next installment of this series I'd like to tell you about some of racing's occupational hazards—the injuries that can end a man's career and in some cases his life. ★

Part III of Johnny Longden's story will appear in the next issue of Maclean's.

My most memorable meal No. 39

Doreen Corps

recalls

The goose that wasn't

It was because of the smell that I didn't myself cook my most memorable meal. Or let's say "ours," for my husband claims it was not only my most memorable meal; it was his too.

The Indian woman who cooked it told us afterwards that if I'd prepared and cooked it myself we'd have been so much put off by the odor we'd have had no appetite for this northern delicacy. So instead of giving it to us in the raw state she'd sent it down ready to eat.

The children who brought it wouldn't say what it was—it was a surprise, a mystery! We thought we'd sampled most special northern fare. We'd eaten at lumber camps and savored pea soup and baked beans that nowhere on earth taste as they do in camp cookery in the northern bush. We'd had traditional French Canadian dishes both at lumber camps and in private homes. We'd tried Indian dishes. We'd had stuffed pike baked whole, we'd had pickerel and trout fresh caught and fried in butter. I myself had cooked roasts of venison, plump partridge, succulent moose steaks—so tender you could cut them with a fork. But no, said the children, our family never tasted this dish before.

So we ate it. It was good. It was delicious! But what was it?

"Tastes like roast goose," my husband said.

"So it does, but how can it be?" For there were no geese around at this season, and the cabin of the Indians we knew contained neither home freezer nor refrigerator.

But it was like goose. The color and texture of the flesh and the flavor were almost identical. And the dressing surely was the same dressing usually served with goose. Onions and sage we could taste. My husband held out his plate for more and I heaped mine at the same time. The northern air gives one an appetite and this we felt was a dish peculiarly suited to the country and the climate. We ate to repletion and beyond.

The children returned eager to tell us what we'd had for dinner. But they waited for us to ask. And when we did, before Johnny had time to open his mouth little Marjorie, her black eyes snapping, unable to hold the secret a moment longer, burst out with "Roast young beaver!"

It was a meal we'll never forget. And one until recently we've loved to tell about. But my pleasure in roast young beaver has been a bit dashed. At a party the other night after I had recounted the story of this most memorable meal, our host exclaimed:

"Good Lord! Our national animal ... and she eats it!"

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London Letter continued from page 8

They were for easy money even if it meant blackmail, violence or a term in a prison cell

and face a crowded court is enough to make one banish John Barleycorn for life.

In the box is a blousy female who has slept off her drunkenness in the cells. The charge is read, the policeman gives evidence and the magistrate asks the woman if she had had too much to drink.

"I am a respectable woman," she says.

"Then why did you get drunk last night?" asks the magistrate. "According to the evidence you screamed and tried to hit someone with an umbrella. When the constable took you under arrest you are reported to have said 'I'll get you for this, you pie-faced slob.'"

The magistrate turns to the bareheaded constable in the witness box. "Did she use those words in your presence?" The policeman straightens up and declares, "She used worse words than that, your honor, but I did not like to put them on record."

"Yes, yes," says the magistrate. "No doubt we can imagine what the accused said." Then turning to the woman he announces the size of the fine and adds, "This was your first offense and I have let you off lightly. I may not be so lenient if you come here again."

But the drunks are only the dreary hang-over in the morning proceedings before the more serious cases are reached. Here is a nice-looking young fellow who cashed a forged saving certificate for five pounds. There is no question of alcohol, nor is there even the partial excuse of harsh necessity. Any normal parents would be proud to have a son of his appearance. The magistrate who has to deal alike with thugs and fools looks at the young fellow in the box as if to break down the barrier between the boy and himself.

"You knew you were committing a very serious crime?"

"Yes, sir."

"You were in some kind of trouble?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you want to tell me what it was?"

The boy looks down and his lips tremble. Then pulling himself together he answers, "I don't want to say anything except that I'm sorry."

Pitiful big-shots

So the mills of petty crime grind on. Harlots, cheats and drunks, a fresh supply of them each day. The very lies that are told become in some queer way a form of truth, but the police court does not deal merely with the consummation of petty thievery and drunkenness. Soon we were to be regaled with the case of two young men of splendid height and peroxided hair—complete with Valentino side-boards and semi-sporting jackets and drain-pipe trousers. The charge read against them was the serious one of robbery with attempted violence which was probably why they looked so pleased with themselves. They were big shots and they joked under their breath until the magistrate brought them up with a jerk. Broad shouldered and slim of waist they looked like a pair of perverted Tristans. They were for easy money even if it meant blackmail, violence or a term of prison.

Yet there must have been a time when as little boys they gave joy to their parents. Tall and rudely handsome they would make any parents proud if only their insatiable vanity and dislike for honest work had not eaten at their vitals. Not for them the blood and sweat and tears of high endeavor. Even under arrest the police court was to them a theatre in which momentarily they were the stars. By nature I do not dislike easily but when nonsense links up with crime and when honest work is regarded as a mug's game then it is difficult to feel pity or even to hope that the sentence will not be harsh.

By contrast one felt nothing but compassion for a youthful colored Jamaican who with a gang of toughs had stolen a lorry. Because Britain is the mother country a colonial subject can land in the United Kingdom without any money beyond a few shillings and go at once on relief and enjoy the full benefits of the welfare state. Now that the Caribbean federation has come into being the law may be altered but let me put on record that the Jamaicans especially have mostly proved good workers and good citizens. The problem of black and white with all its inherent prejudice still remains but on the whole our colored kinsmen in Britain have settled down even though they long for the sun that stays in hiding beyond the English clouds.

Moved by a natural curiosity as to the adjourned fate of my youthful burglar I attended the court next day as well and sure enough up came my innocent-faced intruder who was so sorry we had been troubled.

Believe it or not his record of violence and robbery was so bad that the magistrate felt that his was not the proper court in which to deal with the boy. Instead he will be tried at the Old Bailey with its atmosphere of famous murder trials and other serious crimes. That cosh he carried on his visit to St. John's Wood was meant for business.

And once more we saw the peroxide-blond male voluptuaries of the previous day. It seems that a week ago while their case was being heard they made a getaway and were recaptured. This time I noticed that extra police stood at the exits in case the brethren might give a repeat performance. They too are to appear in a higher court which means that they will not have to worry about anything for quite a long time. The peroxide will have lost its lustre when next they see the open sky and feel the healthy rain upon their faces.

But they did smile good-by to their girl friend in the court, a young woman with bright blue eyelids who looked like a lizard with dirty nails and black-rooted peroxide hair.

Yet there was one moment of real Dickensian humor. A woman charged with stealing a wireless set was asked where she got it and the following dialogue ensued:

Woman: It was under a tree, milord.

Magistrate: Under a tree?

Woman: Yes, milord.

Magistrate: You mean growing like a mushroom?

Thus ends my story. Like Dostoevsky I ventured into the realm of crime and punishment and it is good to breathe the free air of the outside world again.

But behind the cosh-carrying youth who was our uninvited Sunday evening guest and behind the brutalized blond gangsters, is the gnawing question of what makes them turn to crime. There is good pay to be earned by young men of muscle and reasonable intelligence if they are willing to work. Even with their stunted intelligence and lack of moral responsibility they must know that once the police have had them in their hands they are marked men with no chance of eluding the law.

It may be that crime is a form of self-expression to perverted youths who long for notoriety and dream of becoming big shots in the underworld. It may even be that gangster films have demonstrated that it is easy to be a big shot if you are tough enough. Or perhaps it is partly the aftermath of the war when as small boys they saw the horror and excitement of the blitz.

Whatever the cause there is a malaise of youth in America as well as Britain which has found expression in the Teddy boys and the wailing epileptic rhythm of hollow-toned hit parade songs emerging from youthful throats. It may be that the cinema and television must accept some responsibility. It may be that the influence of the home is being weakened by the impact of so many mass-media factors.

I know that in this London Letter I have dealt with the problem of youthful crime and ignored the vast normality of countless homes. But the sociologist should turn his mind to the malaise which for one reason or another is stirring up the latent sodden vanity of young men who find the lawful battle of competitive existence too exacting and too unrewarding for their taste. ★

MACLEAN'S

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ALCAN

For the sake of argument—Morley Callaghan

Continued from page 14

"We've nursed the pathetic belief we're morally superior to the U. S. We should be thanking them"

effectively we had been doing that for years. If our criminals do a job in style, requiring a little organization, we put it down to the introduction of American gangster methods. Those who favor censorship have been fighting a stern battle year after year to keep "filth from across the line" from flooding our bookstands. All that is loud, vulgar and noisy on our little scene is supposed to be due to the American influence. If the manners of our children are bad, if they don't read, pray, think or wash their faces, the Americans are blamed for it.

For years now in polite circles the United States has been our moral whipping boy and in this way, taking our blows out at the boy, we have been able to maintain our national sense of virtue and flee from our own sins. It is a wonderful thing to have a whipping boy so close at hand but what kind of a people are we supposed to be? Was there a civilization in Canada of pristine purity and grace and order before the turn of the century and the introduction of American influences? There was not. Our towns and cities have grown as the American cities have grown, just as cabbages grow the same in the same soil and sunlight. But from 1776 through 1812 and 1911 there has been nursed along a hard core of resentment against the United States which has found expression not in the creation of cultural things, but in the nursing of the pathetic belief that we are morally superior as a people and show it in our customs and our tastes. The people who have this belief should be very thankful of course for the United States.

My conviction is that the anti-Americanism that gets into Canadians really comes from outside the country. I mean it was always something from abroad, cherished even openly as something from abroad but really alien to the whole North American world. For example, just recently the English novelist J. B. Priestley let go another one of his tirades against the United States, that land of mass men, of conformists, the civilization that destroys the free human spirit. He pleaded with Canadians to see that the real threat to our fine old democratic dignity in this civilization we have and the Americans haven't comes not from an alien political philosophy but from south of our undefended border.

You see how this plays upon that vanity, that "Thank God we are not as they are" spirit, our strange view of America as the source of sin? Indeed it does. It is the old game of putting the European blinkers on us, pinning the European tail on the Canadian donkey and soothing us with the fancy, so dear to some Canadians anyway, that we are far more like the independent-minded, highly individualistic and untamed Europeans than like the mass-minded Americans. These Europeans who give us this advice are like the advisers of King Canute who told him he could sweep back the tide with a broom. Are we supposed to ignore all the forces in our daily lives, our means of production, what we eat, what we read, how we dress, our language, for the sake of kidding ourselves for sentimental reasons into pretending that we are not part and parcel of the North American civilization?

But there is more to it than the fostering of a love for unreality. The whipped-up resentment may get out of hand and enter into the trade picture in a way that may have consequences for all of us. These are to be the days of trade missions evidently. By this time it is understood by everyone—and it doesn't matter whether a Liberal or Conservative government is in power in Ottawa—that we have an interlocking military defensive system with the United States. No one evidently would have it otherwise. One look at the map is enough. Yet spokesmen have appeared all over the land warning against the danger of an interlocking North American economy. Military dependence seems to be one thing, economic dependence something else. And so we talk openly of diverting fifteen percent of our trade to Britain.

It would be a fine thing naturally if we could do fifteen percent more business with Britain, but when we talk of diverting trade from the United States should we be so innocent as to wonder why Americans talk of a worsening of Canadian-American relations? Out of it comes that curious mixed-up contradiction in our attitude to the United States. Take the matter of their cut-back of fifteen percent in our western oil import to them. We greeted the proposal with resentment and a sense of shock that our special position as part of an interlocking North American economy wasn't being recognized, yet at the same time a certain type of spokesman—never a trained economist by the way—was pro

* * *

THE PROFESSIONS 11

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THE PERPETUAL SCRATCHER
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THE RED FACED RETREATER
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... because night-flying insects and bugs simply can't see the yellow light. G-E 'Bug-Lites' are ideal for your porch, patio or verandah ... and you'll find them a real boon at the cottage. Pick up half a dozen (bulbs not bugs) next time you shop. Replace all your ordinary outdoor bulbs with G-E Yellow 'Bug-Lite' Bulbs . . . and relax in peace!

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claiming loudly that we should cease being an economic satellite of the United States.

This term 'economic satellite' comes readily to the lips of those I mentioned at the beginning who have an axe to grind about the United States. We buy more and sell more to the United States than to any other country and there isn't an economist in the land who doesn't know that switching a percentage of our trade from one country to another won't add to our productivity or take away from it, expand our trade or contract it. It can have little meaning at all in the lives of Canadians. The idea behind the trade policy of any country is to sell as many of its products as possible and import what is needed as cheaply as possible. As it is now, we do seventy percent of our business with the United States. They take fifty-five percent of our exports. Indeed some of our economists have contended that the market offering the greatest chance of expansion for us is in the United States. Would there be loud cheers right now if it was announced that we were sending a trade mission to the United States to expand our markets? I doubt it. In this country the climate is wrong now. The grave danger is that those who have created it may unwittingly be creating the same climate in the United States where the strong protectionist lobby seems to be growing stronger.

But in this field of trade, just as in the field of manners and morals, it seems to me we are making some large emotional irrational but self-satisfying gestures. We are always, of course, to make hasty explanations to the Americans that far from wanting to do less business with them we intend to do more and more if the recession ever ends. Some of these self-satisfying gestures are understandable enough and may fairly be attributed to a growth in the national spirit, a desire to fling our weight around somewhere. The anti-American gesture, however, is something else. If it gets into our nationalism—if, as I said in the beginning, we attribute all the bad influences in our way of life to the Americans, it will leave us a strangely holier than thou people.

The boy in the schoolroom, the girl in the movies, the man in the ball park, the little crowds that stand outside store windows in the early fall watching the world series on television, have no feeling of hostility or false superiority to Americans, but then they are not molders of opinion.

If the seeds of anti-Americanism have been in our soil for so long, what caused their sudden rapid flowering? After the war the soil was all wrong. The Gallup poll used to show an overwhelming pro-American sentiment. There was little talk of anti-Americanism in Europe and the old guard anti-Americans here had small chance to say "me too." But now it is different. Brooding over the matter I decided to do a little research work on a man who, I had noticed, had been making derogatory remarks about the Americans for the last year. The conversation, as faithfully as I can record it, went like this:

"Would you mind telling me why you have turned so anti-American?" I asked.

"I'm not anti-American."

"Oh come on now. You know you've changed."

"Well, I think we should stand up to the Americans."

"Stand up where and why?"

"Look how they blocked us at Geneva when we could have got our off-shore fishing rights extended to the twelve-mile limit. Why shouldn't I be against them?"

"But Britain and France were against us too. It was so important to Britain the matter was raised in the House of Commons. Are you against them too?"

"Well, all right," he said, looking a little testy, "I guess I am."

"Then what is it you have against the Americans?"

"Why, it's the state department. It's that man Dulles."

"All right, what have you against Dulles?"

"What has everybody against Dulles all over the world?"

"No. I want to know what you have against him."

"The same thing everybody else in Europe and Asia has," he said, getting more irritable. "He's a double-crosser."

"Whom did he double-cross?"

"Who?"

"Where and when? Go on."

"Suez."

"Ah, Suez!"

"Yes, Suez," he said grimly.

I think that tells the story. Those in Canada who had always been feeling morally superior to the Americans although with a certain good will, and those who had a long memory of anti-Americanism also muted over the years by a certain good will, suddenly lost all this good will and simply couldn't stop talking. Oddly enough, though, unless pressed hard they don't talk now about Suez. In the last election Suez was hardly a Canadian issue at all. What has happened, though, is that they have found convenient pegs to hang their hats on that seem to put them on the side of an aggressive Canadian nationalism: the resentment against American wheat dumping, complete American control of American corporations in Canada, the China trade, and the cut in American oil imports. And if they are in a position to be opinion molders, it is all grist for the mill. ★

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For the sake of argument—Farley Mowet

continued from page 15

"I have only contempt for those who demand that all fierce pride of country be driven out"

to his own defense he ceases to be an animal at all and becomes a vegetable. As a natural consequence of this belief I also suffer from chauvinism, if you want to call it that. I have nothing but a great contempt for those of my peers who demand that all fierce pride of country be driven from our souls in the interests of brotherhood — particularly brotherhood with the Americans. Brotherhood is a fine ideal of course, but when it is only a synonym for subjugation then it is something to be eyed askance. Not that I am an isolationist. I foresee the day, and I pray that it will come, when calculated miscegenation will crumble away all national boundaries and all racial barriers. But in the meantime, I am not willing to substitute the kind of unity that comes with political and economic absorption for the substance of my dream of one world. Right now I am nationalist, and a red hot one at that.

There is no need for me to list the formidable array of incontrovertible facts which prove conclusively that we are rapidly being engulfed by the United States. Despite the best efforts of the professional apologists and propagandists of radio, newspapers and magazines, these facts are undeniable. Even the most brotherly amongst us is uncomfortably aware of them. But there is a need for me to attempt the restoration of some honor to my clan by speaking out against this monstrous rape whose symbol is the benevolent image of our good neighbor to the south.

Let's get roaring mad

Rape is NOT inevitable, and even if it were there is no power on earth that can force us to take it lying down. I say that it is time we stopped affecting a spirit of Christian resignation in the face of a systematic invasion of our rights and lives, and that it is time for us to pick up the first weapon which comes to hand and take a lusty swipe at the enemy within our gates. I say it is time we stopped turning the other cheek and got roaring mad instead. I say that it is time we recaptured something of the primitive instinct for survival which motivated our forefathers in the war of 1812. I say it is time to tell our too-rational mentors of the writing and radio worlds to go and peddle their brand of tranquilizers to someone else.

As concrete evidence of the fact that we are not really the nation of zombies which our political and economic guardians would have us be, I say that we ought to immediately start defending that famous undefended border. Let us begin to recognize that border for what it really is—not a symbol of enlightened civilization but a symbol of gutlessness and shame.

I make this suggestion from a unique position of strength—an almost unassailable one as far as my critics are concerned—for they will find it impossible to dismiss me as a jealous little fellow who just isn't getting his cut from the rich cake with which the Americans are bribing us. I am getting my cut all right and a fine fat slice it is too. Ninety-four percent of my income comes from the U.S. My income from my own country is of course a mere pittance since I am not beholden to the economic majesties who hold the power of life and death over so many Canadian writers. I am—and I am proud of it even in these dangerous days when such a one is automatically suspect—a free agent.

I might, of course, be attacked on the grounds that I am biting the hand that feeds me—except that this is obvious nonsense, for by assailing the Americans, I am biting nobody's hand but my own. If my United States readers become irritated with me they can simply consign my books to the remainder shelves and forget about them and me as well. Yet oddly enough there is no sign of this happening. On the contrary the more outspoken I become on the subject of Canadian-American relations,

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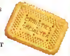

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"What's your name again, honey?"

the better the Yanks seem to like it.

This apparent anomaly intrigued me so much that I made a private investigation to find the whyfor. The results are revealing and they bear strongly on the thesis of this article.

I discovered that a very large proportion of our unconscious enemies have come to despise Canadians as a spineless, weak-kneed collection of nonentities who would not lift a hand in their own defense if John Foster Dulles was to arrive in Ottawa tomorrow and peremptorily take over the portfolio of foreign affairs. They have reached this conclusion only partly as a result of actual contact with Canadians. For the most part they have reached it as a result of reading what Canadians themselves have written about the relations between the two countries.

"Listen," one of them told me. "Maybe what we're doing up in Canada isn't much better than what the Russians are doing with some of their satellites—but as long as there's that great big chunk of real estate to the north of us occupied only by jellyfish what else would you expect us to do?"

What else indeed?

Or, as an industrialist told me (with an Eisenhowerian metaphor): "When you fellows begin to kick against the pricks we'll pull in our noses—not before."

Tourist propaganda to the contrary, the fact is that many Americans have about the same measure of respect for us that they have for the Congo pygmies—less perhaps, for the pygmies still know how to shoot an arrow in their own defense.

The obverse of the coin is that on those too-rare occasions when even the jellyfish becomes a little stubborn the Yanks display the first seeds of a grudging admiration.

What would be the ultimate result if relations between the U S A and Canada reverted to the normal pattern which exists between most sovereign peoples?

Obviously (and this is the thing that really bothers some of our political and economic leaders) we would suffer a sharp and immediate blow in the pocketbooks of many of our larger corporations and business concerns. To some extent this would be reflected on the rest of us. But this transition period of tightening our belts while we became men instead of slaves would not last long. The crux of the whole matter is that we no longer vitally need the United States while she still needs us very much indeed and will go on needing us more and more as time progresses. We are her last frontier and if we had the courage to build a fence across her path—a fence fitted with toll gates—we would almost certainly find that we could have our cake and eat it too.

The argument that we are absolutely dependent on U S capital investment to keep us going is one of the more grotesque of the many falsehoods which are used to keep us in line. We have no need to kowtow to Wall Street for the rest of our existence. A strong, healthy and independent Canada (how *that* strains the imagination!) would draw as much foreign capital as we could use and what is more important it would do so largely on our own terms. We would find that we no longer were engaged in trading off our mineral resources in exchange for a handful of poorly paid subordinate jobs for some Canadians. We might even—and the prospect is staggering—find Canadians directing, operating and owning their own industries and mineral-resources developments.

If we should begin to display some nascent signs of guts I am convinced that the net result would be real betterment in the human relations between us and the Americans. Even the American tourist (upon whose good will so much of Canadian policy is predicated) would be pleased with the change—once he had gotten over his first annoyance at discovering that Canada was no longer a dependent state of the Union.

But much as I hate to admit it I must acknowledge that I am not really an expert in economics. Very likely I

[illegible] PARSH

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In a sort of mixed group like this I was afraid that a few mightn't take to Bright's Canadian '74' Sherry. But just see mine in a glass! What really thrilled me were the comments that followed—you'd think I'd made the wine myself! Now I've got a reputation for originality since I started a new fad: sherry parties!

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shouldn't have dared to trespass in that sacred field at all. However I can at least point out that there are a score of nations in the world, some of them of mammoth size, who treat Uncle Sam with a cold reserve and who nevertheless reap material benefits comparable to if not superior to those for which we have sold our soul.

As for the intellectual and cultural advantages of a divorcement from the U.S.A.—well those are both bad words in the lexicon of my Canadian peers and consequently they are so suspect that I would be wise to leave them alone. Furthermore, the defense of the American way of life (epitomized by what J. B. Priestley calls "admass") by its paid and unpaid proponents in Canada is so absurd that an argument on that score is almost always bootless. My call to arms is therefore based almost in its entirety on the material benefits which would accrue to us with independence. And I must admit too that I am half afraid to see admass vanish from Canada for fear that it will leave nothing more substantial in its place than a great hollow echoing vacuum. (Except Quebec, Newfoundland and Cape Breton Island where admass has not yet become totally ascendant.)

If we are to avoid complete subjugation by the United States, if we are ever to become what we so pathetically and dishonestly call ourselves—a great nation in our own right—then it is time we raised the flag of revolution. It may well be past time, but what of that? A good revolution would at least rescue us from the status of the living dead and stir the lethargic blood in our slack-walled arteries. Let us revolt and do it now—not with guns and bombs, which are unpredictable and dangerous weapons, but with our emotions and, if we still possess the use of them, with our minds as well. Let us rekindle the famous Biblical wrath against the oppressor and the invader and go on a fine old-fashioned emotional rampage. We could begin by violently demolishing the myriad shibboleths with which the oracles of the good-neighbor cult have bound us. Try it—it is easy enough and it is great good fun. Here are some examples:

"We must not be intemperate in what the U.S.A. does, for it is not an entity but only a polyglot mass of human beings who individually are delightful people." Sure enough! And by the same token does the existence of a lot of delightful Russians set the seal of sanctity on Communism?

"We must retain the good will of the U.S.A. at any cost as a shield in the battle between East and West. If we antagonize the Americans they will either abandon us, or take us over by force."

Assuming that we do need protection we will get it from the U.S.A. regardless of whether or not we close and barricade our border. The Yanks have no choice but to defend us—but let's let them pay the shot. The profits they have made out of Canada in the last decade would very nearly equal their entire military budget for a year. As to the fantasy that they might take us over by force—can't you picture the attempt being made?

"We owe the Americans a debt of gratitude for all that they have done to develop Canada." This is equivalent to claiming that you owe your money lender a debt of gratitude for the privilege of paying him an exorbitant interest.

"We cannot exist economically without the closest integration with the American economy." Who is "we"? If this pronoun refers to many of our industrialists, mining promoters and business entrepreneurs there may be some truth in it. If it refers to the rest of us it is balderdash.

"Without the good will of the U.S. and entry into its lucrative markets, our standard of living would fall like a stone." It might too for a while. But then — who knows — we might learn to compete with the rest of the world as a grown-up and independent nation no longer in need of guidance from the hand of a domineering and primarily selfish nurse. We might even reduce our colossal trade deficit with the United States (that sterling symbol of how we benefit by being tied to the American economy). We could probably even continue to afford a new car every year together with all the rest of the trivia which admass has led us to believe constitute the only true criteria of happiness and success.

"Because we are such close geographical neighbors with a common boundary and because the U.S.A. is more powerful than we are, we must bow to the realities of accepting U.S. direction and leadership." Try that one on a Frenchman, substituting German for American. For that matter try it on Tito with the U.S.S.R. in place of the U.S.A.

These are only random samples of the easy targets which the proponents of Canamericanism put up before us. Remember though they are seldom entirely vulnerable to logic alone. In order to knock them over like so many sitting ducks, you require a surcharge of emotion. Let the adrenalin flow, the eyeballs bulge and the red blood mount into the head — and we may yet be free ★

"Oh, go back to smoking!"

Mailbag

Continued from page 4

✔ **Peril Deane didn't see**

✔ **Why not Philip?**

I was interested in Philip Deane's discussion on the possibility of surrendering to Russia to avoid a third world war (We Can Talk Ourselves into Surrender to Russia, April 26). Mr. Deane overlooks certain points. History has shown that dictators have a better chance of retaining power by benevolence than by oppression. Russia rules her satellites with an iron hand (unsatisfactorily, as events in Hungary and Poland show) because she fears them joining the West. If the West surrendered this would no longer be a factor. Mr. Deane offers no convincing arguments for assuming that Russian rule would be tyrannical. —GARY MOFFATT, WELLAND, ONT.

✔ My temper wore thin at reading Philip Deane. He makes me think of an imbecile who has started a fire and has a jolly good time pouring oil to keep it going. When he sees the fire is getting out of control he yells at it to die out but at the same time he wants to keep on pouring oil. —MRS. R. SWANSON, CLIVE, ALTA.

✔ Philip Deane should be required reading as he sets forth so clearly our peril. —MRS. W. H. SCOTT, ST. VITAL, MAN.

New York's Canadian Club

In a recent issue Maclean's published an editorial criticizing the Canadian Club of New York for allegedly excluding Jews from its membership. The editorial was founded on testimony given before the standing committee on external affairs of the Canadian House of Commons by a former lieutenant governor of Ontario and Canadian consul in New York. Since then, however, that testimony has been refuted and withdrawn. Maclean's regrets that, in effect, it endorsed this unfair imputation against the club.—THE EDITORS

Philip next governor-general?

In Preview (April 26) you list Next Governor-General? After all, just why should the choice of the Queen's personal representative be the subject of a guessing contest? You have started something and there will probably be a Gallup Poll. To be sure, good public entertainment! Why not be thoroughly democratic and let the Queen do the choosing? But since you invited it, may I name a choice—His Royal Highness, the Queen's husband? He could commute across the pond quite easily.—A. E. ELSOM, MOOSE JAW, SASK.

Wasting time in Ottawa

In his Backstage at Ottawa (April 26) Blair Fraser mentions a freshman MP who found he could clear his desk in an hour and let the rest of the day play gin rummy and listen to opposition speeches. Amazing! Surely only a vacant mind would resort to gin rummy to pass the time in House of Commons. There is a library in the House; also I imagine each department has reference books about problems confronting gov-

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ernments. The National Gallery is in Ottawa and goodness knows what else of interest. What could I do with time like that on my hands and $10,000 to boot?—MRS. CECILIA HILL, NANAIMO, B.C.

Sacks that are real

Your attack on the sack (We Declare War on the Sack, April 12) would be that you are confused with a bag. But here's one old bag who congratulates the designers of the sack. The sack will do more for this old world than any mode since the Mother Hubbard days. I know because I was one of the budding young gals of Gibson Girl days. And the door knob or foot placed firmly on the broad of the beam had to be employed to pull the strings up tight enough to achieve the desired look. The torso was either pushed up or down. And gals like me were either a-coming behind or a-going in front to accommodate the small waist line. We enclose a photo (above) to prove that a woman can have a smart outfit if she has only a laundry bag or feed sack to work on. Mrs. Ray Sandy (left) of Fort St. John actually used a feed bag for her dress. Mrs. Fred Lorne borrowed a laundry bag from me—it used to be a flaxseed bag—and presto — Vogue! — MARGARET MURRAY, ALASKA HIGHWAY NEWS, FORT ST. JOHN, B.C.

Sack dresses at Fort St. John

Louder laughs than Hope's

Thanks for I'm Swearing Off Bargains (April 26). I had more laughs reading it than in all the Bob Hope shows I ever saw.—CLARENCE OSTROM, ALEXANDRIA, ONT.

By Ward's best booster

James Hill's sketch of Ottawa's By Ward Market (April 12 cover) has set my fancy free. Neither "les halles" in Paris nor those impressive "souks" in North Africa have ever charmed me as much as that humble little marketplace. It was there I bought my first dog. Mousse was not a pedigree dog, but it was black, fuzzy, small, worth one dollar and mine for keeps! . . . Each spring I remember I would run up to By Ward Market and ask for 25¢ worth of pretty flowers with a bit of Baby's Breath please for my mother's birthday . . . —NICOLE DUBE, MONTREAL. ★

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PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
CANADA'S GARDEN PROVINCE

The last angry Tory continued from page 23

O'Leary's staunchest friends have been his stoutest enemies — Ilsley, Abbott, MacTavish, Howe

reminded him of a present-day Chinese philosopher "who when asked whether he thought the French Revolution had brought the world loss or gain replied that it was too soon to say."

But the Liberals are his favorite target. The purification of the party, he wrote recently, would "require more than some Presbyterian prayers from Mr. Jimmy Gardiner or some sprinkling of holy water by Mr. Chubby Power . . . Mr. King kept the Liberal party in office; he did not keep it liberal. Year after year, with retreats, compromises, concessions and other office-holding devices, the party was drained of liberalism, its chief concern was power. By the time Mr. King had gone and Mr. St. Laurent had come there was . . . only a fortuitous collection of conflicting ingredients [around which] Mr. St. Laurent put a cloak of respectability . . ."

Four times O'Leary's needling provoked St. Laurent to reply in person. Yet it was O'Leary who persuaded the PM to put up a statue to Borden, a Tory predecessor. And earlier, when the heads of ten famous Canadian journalists were sculptured in stone for a House of Commons wall, it was the then Liberal minister of public works, Dr. James H. King, who insisted that O'Leary be included. "I vote with the Tories but dine with the Grits," O'Leary has said.

He shares the traditional Tory distaste for socialism. Yet he sponsored Charlie Woodsworth, son of the CCF's founder, then editor of the rival Ottawa Citizen, for membership in the Royal Ottawa Golf Club. And when the club turned Woodsworth down O'Leary quit in disgust and did not return for several years.

Bantam in a Homburg

His staunchest friends have been his stoutest enemies — Ilsley, Abbott, MacTavish, Norman Lambert, C. D. Howe. O'Leary defended Howe so often that press-gallery reporters used to say that Howe must own a piece of the Journal. He also attacked him so virulently that meeting O'Leary on the street Howe would genially bark, "You damn rascal, what are you denouncing me for today?"

Around ten a.m. every weekday O'Leary alights from a Red Line cab in front of the angular six-story Journal building, a bantam in a Homburg hat, the ghost of a grin in his eyes and the jauntiness of youth lingering in his stride.

His editorial sanctum is a shabby top-floor room lined with the yellowing framed headlines of two world wars, relics of P. D. Ross and E. Norman Smith, past presidents. O'Leary sits down at his cluttered desk, fumbles for his glasses and frequently finds that he has left them at home. When the messenger boy has come chasing back from the five-and-ten with a pair, O'Leary scans his mail, glances at reports on ads and circulation (now 66,300, slightly more than the rival Citizen), then leafs through the Toronto Globe and Mail, Montreal Gazette and Winnipeg Free Press.

An item catches his eye. "Good Lord!" he snorts, and stalks down the hall to the office of I. Norman Smith, vice-president, son of the late president, and a scrupulous, probing columnist.

"Look at this!" O'Leary exclaims, slapping his forehead. "What sort of idiot's paradise do we live in?" He paces, gesticulating as he talks, demonstrating his belief in Joseph Pulitzer's famous remark that "there's no man worth his salt who doesn't find something in the paper every morning to make him damned mad." And as George Drew's wife Fiorenza noted once, "Grattan never feels anything half way."

As quickly as it comes his anger passes. He saunters out through the high old-fashioned book-lined anteroom into the newsroom. Dribbling cigarette ashes down his sport coat he looks over the dispatches, matches quips with the city editor, comments on a story, lays a bet on the hockey night fights, then strolls back to his office. He swivels his chair around to an upright ancient Underwood

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then planting his feet on a faded rug, he clucks out the lead editorial.

"The present parliament can [and] should dissolve," he wrote in February, "in time to have an election by late March." One week later Diefenbaker announced the election date, March 31.

Some opponents questioned the seemliness of a winter election. O'Leary listed a half dozen winter elections since 1911 and wrote that the carpers reminded him of the Frenchman "who looked out of his Paris window and said resignedly: 'There will be no revolution today; it is going to rain.'"

When Liberal Leader Pearson returned from pondering at his retreat to unveil his very liberal election platform O'Leary wrote: "Anybody who knows the birth pangs of such a statement knows that even if Mr. Pearson had produced it all fresh from his own mind he would never have been able to get it approved by his party, let alone mimeographed by his slaves in time for a 9:30 press conference. If Mr. Pearson was doing some thinking while he was away it must have been to wonder what his boys back in Ottawa were preparing for him Monday ... This master of foreign documents must have found this the most foreign of all."

Who said that?

He scatters his fire in all directions. One bull's-eye on the train service from Ottawa to Toronto put a diner on the pool train. A potshot at Bell Telephone prompted that company to examine its service. And when his Conservative ally on the Montreal Gazette, Arthur Blakely, misquoted a poet O'Leary loosed a light satirical shaft: "As John Bright said in Paradise Lost, 'a man's a man for a' that.'"

His columns are studded with quotes from poets and statesmen, obscure and famous. Three years ago MacGregor Dawson, writing the life of King, noted two lines in a book on Laurier by the late J. W. Dafoe:

> "Near the living can the living judge.
> Too deep the affection, too near the grudge."

The author, said Dafoe, was an English politician who was also a literary figure. Dawson wanted the lines for his book. He tried to trace their author. He was joined in his search by Francis Hardy, parliamentary librarian, and two scholarly correspondents, Grant Dexter, Winnipeg Free Press, and Max Freedman, Manchester Guardian. It became a literary treasure hunt that lasted for three years and ended when the lines turned up in Grattan O'Leary's column. "Why didn't you ask me?" O'Leary said. "It's a poem by Bulwer-Lytton called St. Stephen, published serially in Blackwood's Magazine in 1860. If you'd looked in the concluding lines of Morley's Recollections you'd also have found it there."

He never travels without a book of poetry and attributes the lack of imagery in political speeches today to poetry's fading popularity. Once he told George Drew: "George, you know the trouble with you is you don't read any poetry."

For every situation O'Leary has a quotation which he yanks from the files of memory without checking. "A writer who can't depend on his memory and background of knowledge isn't worth a damn," he declares.

Occasionally a reader catches an error. O'Leary takes the letter down to Smith's office. "Look at this!" he bewails. His hand goes to his forehead. "Good Lord!" O'Leary says, "I would have sworn ..."

"What'll we do with it?" Smith asks.

O'Leary looks up surprised. "Run it, of course. It's good fun."

Once J. L. Ilsley, then minister of finance, tore apart a Journal story sentence by sentence. O'Leary re-ran the story side by side with Ilsley's comments ("Wrong ... Utterly without truth!").

He explains his policy typically with a quote from Graham Towers, former Bank of Canada governor. Towers was briefing a parliamentary committee. "Two years ago you said the exact opposite," an MP recalled. "Can you explain that?" "Certainly," Towers said. "I was wrong."

"If a politician is wrong O'Leary's the Rock of Gibraltar," says press gallery reporter Richard Jackson. Once Jackson sent in a story quoting Colonel John Thompson, wartime director of office economy, a rugged individual who took his job so seriously that he ordered cabinet ministers to quit using embossed letterheads. Thousands of dollars were being wasted on rugs, Thompson said, decrying "this crazy waste of money."

The story sparked a heated parliamentary debate and moved Mackenzie King to cry anger. "I was scared," Jackson says. "I got on the phone to O'Leary."

O'Leary was calm. "See Thompson again," he said.

Jackson came back with a list of governmental rugs and their cost. O'Leary entitled that day's editorial BY THEIR RUGS YE SHALL KNOW THEM: "Sitting on our cigarette-scarred linoleum we want to know how comes it that Minister of Defense Ralston walks on a rug costing $76.65 and Air Minister Power on one of $245.95? Is that what the Air Force does to people — sharpens their sense of beauty ...?"

Smith and O'Leary edit each other's work. Smith points to one of O'Leary's paragraphs. "Don't you think that's a bit rough?" he starts to explain. O'Leary interrupts: "Give it to me. I know what you mean."

Smith brings in his column. O'Leary swivels around in his chair. "Well, Norman," he says, "there's more to it than that." Smith says, "I've learned over the years that when he insists on something he's right." O'Leary seldom insists. During the Suez crisis last year when Smith blasted the Tory stand and defended Lester Pearson's foreign policy, O'Leary's sole remark was: "A nice piece, Norman."

Reporters remember only one time that O'Leary killed a story. It was during a practice blackout in World War II. C. D. Howe, then czar of the country's economy, was coming off the ninth green at the Royal Ottawa Golf Club smoking

Who is it?

By election he became part of the Bay Street landscape. Turn to page 69 to find out who this boy grew up to be.

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Why can't you be grumpy and irritable like most bosses?

his pipe upside down. An officious air raid warden came bustling up and arrested him. The story enlivened the first edition, then O'Leary ordered it dropped. "This man's doing an important job," he said indignantly. "Let's not make him look like a fool for a silly damn thing like this."

At five o'clock he checks the last edition and leaves the office. Occasionally he stops at the dignified Rideau Club for a Scotch and an argument, seldom losing. Once, contending that the Irish are superior to the Scotch, he found himself pressed by Donald Gordon, CNR president.

"How about the battle of Benberb?" O'Leary demanded.

"Never heard of it," Gordon said.

"I'm sorry," O'Leary said firmly, "but obviously if you've never heard of Benburb I can't be discussing the subject further."

Two days later Gordon phoned. "You Irishman!" he growled. "I've spent the last two days looking up the battle of Benburb and there's no such blasted thing."

Most nights O'Leary takes a taxi to his home in exclusive Rockcliffe—he refuses to drive a car although he buys one for his wife. Once after a tiff at their Kingsmere cottage, he said goodnight politely but coolly declined to accept her offer of a lift and walked the fifteen miles to their house in town.

It was a lively household while their children were growing up. "We talked politics morning, noon and night," says Moira, the youngest, who married Frank McGee, young Tory MP and grandnephew of D'Arcy McGee, still recalls his astonishment on entering the house with Moira to meet her parents and brothers. Dillon, now a Vancouver Province reporter, and Brian, now covering Parliament Hill for the Calgary Albertan. (A third son, Maurice, is managing director of the Aluminum Company of South Africa—and a fourth, Owen, a bomber pilot, was killed in World War II.)

"I couldn't believe my ears," says McGee. "Here was a political brawl going full tilt. Dillon away out in left field, Brian staunchly Liberal and Grattan crying a pox on both their houses. It was a revelation to me—in our home what father said went. They weren't talking as father and sons but as knowledgeable defenders of the faith."

Moira remembers her father as a conscientious parent, always fun to be with but a little erratic. Talking one day on the telephone, saying "Yeah . . . yeah . . . yeah . . ." she suddenly had the phone snatched from her hand. "You can use it again," her father said, "when you learn how to use the King's English over it." He was strict about little else. Neighbors would be startled to see the O'Leary doors burst open and the boys and O'Leary go racing around the block. Whoever got back last had to stoke the furnace. And O'Leary claimed he could run around the block and stoke the furnace before the boys got back.

Though today he lives more quietly, reading before the fire, the humor is far from dormant. Callers are regaled with the exploits of Timmy, his mongrel terrier, which he tried to get on the voters' list and failed. About to take off on a holiday, he once wired the manager of the hotel he was going to: AM BRINGING TIMMY.

Back and forth went the wires.

WHO'S TIMMY?
A DOG
SORRY NO DOGS ALLOWED
SORRY CANCEL RESERVATIONS
OH BRING THE DAMN DOG

Fridays he watches the TV fights, scoring the points himself. He enjoys ballet and music, dislikes TV drama ("intellectually empty"), bridge ("too slow") and cocktail parties ("a terrible waste of time"). He fusses over his clothes, insists that his tailor take out the padding, and complains of an ulcer his doctor cannot find. Thursdays he plays poker, a thirty-year-old ritual. Losing, he declares that no one ever had such bad luck; winning, it's by the grace of superlative skill.

Once a month he attends perhaps the most select club in Ottawa, the Dining Out Club, begun by the late Supreme Court Chief Justice Sir Lyman Duff—its members dedicated to the high art of conversation. They rotate as hosts and once a year invite the Governor-General. When a member once suggested bringing a guest, Sir Lyman said: "You can bring him if you want to but I won't be here. I want to be able to come here and discuss anything I want to." "He was right too," says O'Leary, who misses Sir Lyman's talk—"the finest I've heard on land, sea or air."

One of the most articulate, literate Canadians of his time, O'Leary never went to high school. His father, an Irish immigrant's son, farmed a hundred stony acres off Irishtown road in the Gaspé. O'Leary's real education was the Dublin Freeman's Journal (which arrived on St. Patrick's Day with a sprig of shamrock) and the novels of romance passed along by his Roman Catholic bishop. "We had three pictures in our house," he sums up his boyhood, "the Pope, Parnell and John L. Sullivan."

He toiled in the Saint John (N.B.) Iron Works and a brewery, tried clerking in a hardware store and quit to go to sea. One cold dark night on the eve of a voyage to South Africa he walked past the Saint John Standard. Inside a light was burning. On impulse he entered. A bearded man in a green eyeshade looked up.

"I'd like a job as reporter," O'Leary blurted.

The man surveyed him benignly. "What experience have you had?"

"None," O'Leary admitted. Hastily he added: "I'm a very strong Conservative."

The editor smiled and shook his head. As O'Leary was leaving he called out: "We'll try you. Go out and find a story." O'Leary came back with a half column on the harbor that won him a job.

Two years later, in 1911, O'Leary learned a reporter's job was open on the Ottawa Journal. He caught the next train and was soon assigned to the press gallery. He was twenty-one.

The Journal was twenty-four, the lusty creation of P. D. Ross, engineer turned reporter, a six-foot athlete who sometimes said he'd sooner shoot golf in par than double his profits. Twenty-five years before, while on the Montreal Star, he had paid four thousand dollars, most of it borrowed, for a half interest in the almost bankrupt Journal. Acting on a precept of his erstwhile employer, Lord Atholstan—"get news that people will read out loud to their neighbors"—Ross was now on his way to being a millionaire.

Ross was a strong Presbyterian, O'Leary was a Catholic. When the volatile issue of separate schools came up in the city council O'Leary asked Ross, "I'd like to know what you think, sir."

"Oh no you don't," Ross said. "You want me to tell you what to write. Well, you write what you think is fair and sensible."

O'Leary took him at his word. When Ross in an editorial assailed the American constitution, O'Leary wrote him a letter of rebuttal, quoting Macaulay, defining Ross' view as "all sail and no anchor."

Ross called him into his office. "O'Leary, did you write this?"

"Yes, sir," O'Leary said, half expecting to be fired.

"From now on, any time you feel like writing an editorial," Ross said, "you go ahead, my boy."

From his press gallery desk, O'Leary wrote all the editorials on politics. After a column on Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, Bank of Montreal president, who was being quizzed by a parliamentary committee, Ross came to see him. "What in the world did you write about Sir Frederick?" he demanded.

O'Leary showed him the column. He had simply quoted Sir Frederick, whose answers had revealed his snobbishness. "Oh my God," Ross groaned. "Sir Frederick is one of my oldest friends. Today at the club I put out my hand and he turned away."

"Well, there it is," O'Leary said. And that was the end of the matter.

O'Leary covered the Titanic's sinking, the Halifax explosion, the London Imperial conference and the Irish rebellion, in which Ross sided with Britain. Now an assistant editor, O'Leary denounced Ross' stand in letters to the editor, which Ross ran and in turn denounced.

Ross had one code. "Look, O'Leary," he would say, "disagree with anybody as much as you please. But don't say anything that you wouldn't say at his dinner table." O'Leary learned the lesson. He lambasted Robert Borden for his wartime food report, yet managed to retain the PM's confidence.

Borden, O'Leary recalls, "was a

Answer to
Who is it? on page 67

Toronto's Mayor Nathan Phillips, who was returned to the city hall on Bay Street as an alderman for 27 consecutive years 1924-1951

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solid colorless lawyer so painstaking that his staff had to steal his fountain pen or he'd never stop correcting his speeches. He retired in 1920 and lived seventeen years in Ottawa playing golf with O'Leary and writing editorials that the Journal printed although O'Leary describes them with a shudder as "the dullest in the world."

Succeeding Borden came Arthur Meighen who according to Grant Dexter "had great peculiarities. He would only see newsmen he liked and he only liked two: Tom Blacklock of the Toronto Mail and Empire and Grattan O'Leary." O'Leary had authored an article a few years before calling Meighen the Conservatives' White Hope. Everywhere that Meighen went O'Leary was sure to be asked.

One night O'Leary was asked to Meighen's house on Cooper Street. He found the Prime Minister working in the library.

"What are you doing?" O'Leary inquired.

"Writing my speech for tomorrow night in London, Ontario. I'm going to announce the next general election."

"Good Lord! Could I publish that?"

"Certainly not! It's top secret."

"Do you recall," O'Leary mused, "how Delane of the London Times broke the news that the Corn Laws would be repealed? He scooped the world in an editorial." Doubtfully Meighen agreed to O'Leary printing an editorial that would break the election news the following afternoon in Ottawa, too late for other papers to pick it up before Meighen's speech.

Next day in Toronto en route to London the prime minister was greeted by huge black election headlines. A wire press man checking the Journal's news stories had by accident spotted O'Leary's editorial proofs. "Tonight in London, Ontario," his wire story quoted O'Leary, "the prime minister will announce the date of the next general election. It is December 6." In scooping the world O'Leary had also scooped Meighen and Meighen was shocked. "But he was a gallant fellow," O'Leary says. "He never reproached me."

Meighen wanted O'Leary in any cabinet he might form. In 1925 he asked him to contest the Gaspé seat. O'Leary agreed though Gaspé was the stronghold of Rodolphe Lemieux, outstanding orator and Liberal house leader.

It was a comedy of errors. The Tories held their nomination while O'Leary was in Australia, a delegate to the Imperial press conference. He caught the first ship back and found they'd nominated another candidate. He insisted on another convention and beat the local man, who disappeared with O'Leary's campaign funds. O'Leary hastened to Montreal and came back with another three thousand dollars.

"The Gaspé," says Arthur Ford, then a gallery reporter and now editor-in-chief of the London Free Press, "never had such a feast of oratory." O'Leary cut the Liberal vote by five thousand but lost the election. It is one of his few regrets: he would like to have spoken in the House. "If he had," Arthur Meighen says, "he would now ... be recognized everywhere as the D'Arcy McGee of his generation."

It was Meighen, parliament's finest debater, who taught O'Leary to speak. "Never write out your speeches," Meighen would tell him. "At first you'll suffer the agonies of hell without a manuscript. But once you lose it you're charmed to it forever." O'Leary developed a platform style much in demand today. He begins in restrained tones, his hands clasped meekly in front of him like a diffident altar boy. Then he raises his voice and lets the rhetoric flow.

Mackenzie King defeated Meighen and appointed Sir Henry Thornton to run the Canadian National Railways. Conservative leaders railed at the appointment. Cutting once more across party lines O'Leary wrote that it was high time Conservatives grew up and acquired some sense.

Tory leaders reviled him as a renegade and traitor. O'Leary was hurt but unrepentant. For weeks he avoided Meighen for fear of embarrassing his chieftain. Then one day he received a command to attend a dinner Meighen was giving.

"You know how some of the party feel about me," O'Leary protested.

Meighen's secretary insisted. On arrival O'Leary found that Meighen had placed him on his right hand, above his former ministers and all other party leaders—thus proclaiming his kinship with an independent mind.

In 1927 the CNR formed a coast-to-coast radio network. O'Leary became its Sunday afternoon speaker. He was now an internationally known writer, London Times correspondent and Maclean's Politician with a Notebook, forerunner of Backstage. He and Grant Dexter were partners: Dexter did most of the research. Whenever one received a cheque he gave the other half.

Then three broadcasts on war debts irked the American ambassador. He protested strongly to Prime Minister Bennett. Bennett ordered Sir Henry Thornton to stop O'Leary's talks. "I'm damned if I will," said Sir Henry. "This is a free country. We'll run a free broadcasting system." Next year O'Leary rapped Bennett for boosting tariffs on British goods and the PM cut him dead in the Rideau Club.

Power behind the scenes

Mackenzie King returned to power and O'Leary attacked him continually. But when O'Leary's son Owen was killed in World War II, King, then at Quebec with Roosevelt and Churchill, with all the weight of that meeting on his mind, was the first person to telephone his condolences. Two months later O'Leary's son Brian was missing. (He later turned up as a prisoner of war.) This time King wired, and in case O'Leary was shielding his wife from the shock he ordered the telegraph company "under no circumstances" to deliver the cable to the house.

In 1949 P. D. Ross died, ninety-one years old. He had sold the stock in his paper at bargain prices to his top men. These were the years when O'Leary's party influence reached its zenith. There was scarcely a day that he did not talk with Tory leader George Drew and some Tories thought Drew too dependent on the man who had collected much of the money for the 1948 convention, who had made its keynote speech and helped Drew defeat John Diefenbaker for the party leadership.

The breach that internecine struggle created now seems to be closing. The PM has asked O'Leary's advice and O'Leary is no longer non-committal about the PM. He applauds him ("He takes his problems by the throat"). He defends his actions ("What is wrong with a touch of drama or even of melodrama in public action, meaning it from drabness ..."). Sweetly reasonable he pleads that the PM's opponent Mr. Pearson be given "a valuable apprenticeship in opposition."

Last October with the death of president E. Norman Smith O'Leary moved into the office of P. D. Ross. On his desk are four bells to summon staff; he has never yet rung one. He still eats with the staff in the Journal cafeteria, still forgets his money and borrows from a staffer, still argues with reporters over which cab line is best: Red Line which he uses or Blue Line which they use. He has tried so long to get them to change that they think he owns Red Line shares. They also believe that he dyes his smoothly centre-parted black hair. Like so many views of O'Leary both are wrong.

Ross wrote O'Leary's epitaph when he set down the Journal's policy in 1886: "An independent paper ... independent of party or personal bias ... independent of too much regard for its own pecuniary interests where what it thinks right may conflict with what it knows to be popular."

Ross was a mass of contradictions. O'Leary once said, a radical trying without success to conform to a Tory tradition. It could be said of O'Leary that he is a newspaperman trying without success to be a political partisan. ★

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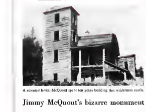

A rejected lover, McQuout spent ten years building this wilderness castle.

Jimmy McQuout's bizarre monument

A lonely log "castle" in the northwestern Ontario wilderness is a bizarre monument to the unrequited love of a young Scottish immigrant. It has stood for sixty years but not a dozen people have laid eyes on it.

Jimmy (Hightop) McQuout arrived at Ignace, Ont., a small town halfway between Port Arthur and Kenora, in 1893. Stopping only long enough to pick up supplies, he struck out for isolated White Otter Lake; he was not seen again for ten years.

McQuout walked in the hundred miles or more, packing all his supplies on his back. As soon as he arrived at the lake he must have begun the monumental task of building his castle, complete with a fortresslike tower which rose four stories.

The castle was made entirely of green logs that weighed at least fifteen hundred pounds each. They were thirty feet long, cut with a saw and shaved smooth as stone with a broadax. McQuout devised an ingenious method to lift the huge green logs. He selected two of the biggest, burned holes into them at intervals of about a foot and pounded big wooden spikes into the holes. Then he stood the two logs on end. The evidence was that he would roll a log to the base of these posts and then, lifting one end at a time, move it up the spiked "staircase." All the logs and flat, hand-sawn boards were held together by wooden pegs. The arrangement has held the castle together to this day.

At the end of his ten-year exile McQuout built a fifteen-foot canoe of birch bark for his return to civilization. He carried a seventy-pound pack of furs, worth about two hundred dollars.

He sold his furs, paid for his purchases and returned to the wilderness without telling anyone what he had been doing. Not long after, an Ignace trapper worked his way to White Otter Lake and came upon the castle. He kept the hermit's secret until after his death in 1918.

Then the trapper told McQuout's story. At nineteen in his native Scotland Jimmy McQuout had asked the daughter of a wealthy family to marry him and she had laughed.

"I'm marrying a man who owns a castle," she had said. "You'll never own a castle, Jimmy McQuout!"

So he came to Canada and built his castle in the wilderness. For twenty-five years he lived in and with it—alone.

—KENNETH MACGRAY

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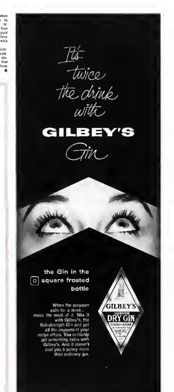

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The billy-goat blues

A visitor to Bancroft, Ont., a mining town, had a hard time concentrating during a business call at one local home. He couldn't get over the impression that he had observed two blue goats in the yard. They couldn't be blue, of course, nor could it be radioactivity or any nonsense like that; and yet . . . As his host showed him to the door, there stood the goats, blue as blue, and the visitor could only blurt out his concern.

"Oh, so they're blue now," exclaimed the Bancroft man. "Yesterday they were pink." And it wasn't just a shaggy goat story. It seems his two young daughters had been mixing batches of vegetable dyes and trying them on their pets.

* * *

The Edmonton bus stop was crowded with impatient women shoppers when a businessman pulled up beside them in his car and threw open the door. Five of them instantly piled in, thanking him profusely for the rush hour rescue, when the good Samaritan silenced them with "Would one of you women mind getting out so's my wife can get in?"

* * *

A girl whose name and wicket number we will reveal only for a price sells daily double tickets at a Vancouver race track. When a fellow appeared before her just before post time, beaming silently and proffering a two-dollar bill, she quickly ascertained that he couldn't speak English so handed him a number at random to keep the line up moving. When the horse won back he came to exchange his ticket, still silent but more beaming than ever, so she chose another one for him. When this horse won too, the man collected $17.50. Then to prove he knew a good thing when he saw it, he went back to the seller's wicket. In newly learned words he demanded delightedly, "You married?"

* * *

An ever-loving husband in Rosetown, Sask., finished his breakfast the other morning and was just about to reach for his hat and kiss his wife goodby when she whisked off upstairs. To the sounds of scurrying about overhead she called down, "I just couldn't bear to have you remember me all day in that old bathrobe." Then down she dashed, flung herself into his arms, gave him a big kiss and sent him happily off to work—thinking fondly of her in baggy sweatshirt, rumpled denims and beat-up sneakers.

* * *

The door-to-door salesmen drove a Hamilton, Ont., housewife to distraction recently when three rang her bell in one hour. That day, besides all her other chores, she had her little girl home from school with the flu. As the mother's temperature threatened to top her own, her daughter suggested, "Why don't you put a sign on the door, 'Beware of cross housewife'?" Mother decided to try it and reports that it works like a charm.

THAT'S NOTHIN — I ALMOST GOT BITTEN BY A SHREW!

* * *

A long, lanky soldier from Currie Barracks at Calgary had finally taken enough kidding about the tiny foreign car he drives his six-foot-three crammed in. He fashioned a large metal handle and mounted this on the back of his midget so that the next time somebody asks him jeeringly, "What do you wind it up with?" he can say, "A key, of course," and show it to them.

But he has a fellow sufferer in Toronto who believes the only defense is offense and has lettered across the rear window of his Volkswagen, "Help stamp out Cadillacs."

* * *

An Englishman now living in Port Arthur, Ont., who makes a point of not letting himself be homesick, was nevertheless cheered as well as surprised to come upon a group of teen-age boys playing an improvised cricket game. Three empty tins substituted for wickets and baseball bats for cricket bats. Their accents betrayed that they came by their love of the game naturally. The Briton's sentimental mood was shattered, however, when one batsman hit the ball, both batsmen started their runs and one of their supporters shouted, "Go, man, go!"

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